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Northern Messenger

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'The "Northern Messenger" is a marvel for the price.'—Archibald Lee, Grenville, Que.

One Missionary's Experience.

(Rev. I. S. Hankins, Atmakur, India.)

As a young Christian I used to wonder what was the nature of the missionary's calling, and what was the character of his daily work and experiences. Having now had a little personal experience in these things, I will put upon paper some things as they now impress me.

A House Builder.—At home I always joined the crowd in doubting the wisdom of the man who attempted to be a jack of all trades, but since I have been in India I have had a great deal more respect for jack. I have many times envied him his skill, even though he is not an expert in every department. A missionary ought to be an adept at all kinds of work. When I came to my station I knew nothing about building a house; worse than this, I did not know the Hindu. With this stock of ignorance I had to begin and build my house. I would have been glad if I had had even a smattering knowledge like jack. The work must be done. Upon the theory, I suppose, that experience is the best teacher, I proceeded, and I confess I had a good teacher and learnt a few things. A knowledge of masonry, carpentering and civil engineering would have served me well. As it was, I had to depend upon my common sense alone. If a missionary could have knowledge of everything under the sun he would have use for it every week.

A Doctor.—One day soon after I arrived a man came all doubled up with cramps in his stomach. I gave him a dose of some medicine I had, and it cured him. This established my reputation as a first-class doctor, able to cure the incurable. Soon I was besieged for medicine, and since then I have had hundreds of cases of all kinds of disease. Notwithstanding the fact that I never had a bit of practice, a very bad case of a broken thigh was brought to me. There was no one else to attempt the job, so I had to try. I did the best I could and, to my surprise, the man did fairly well, as well as many I have seen at home set by regular physicians. Young physicians at home cannot get a reputation and practice as easily as this. I must be a doctor whether I want to or not.

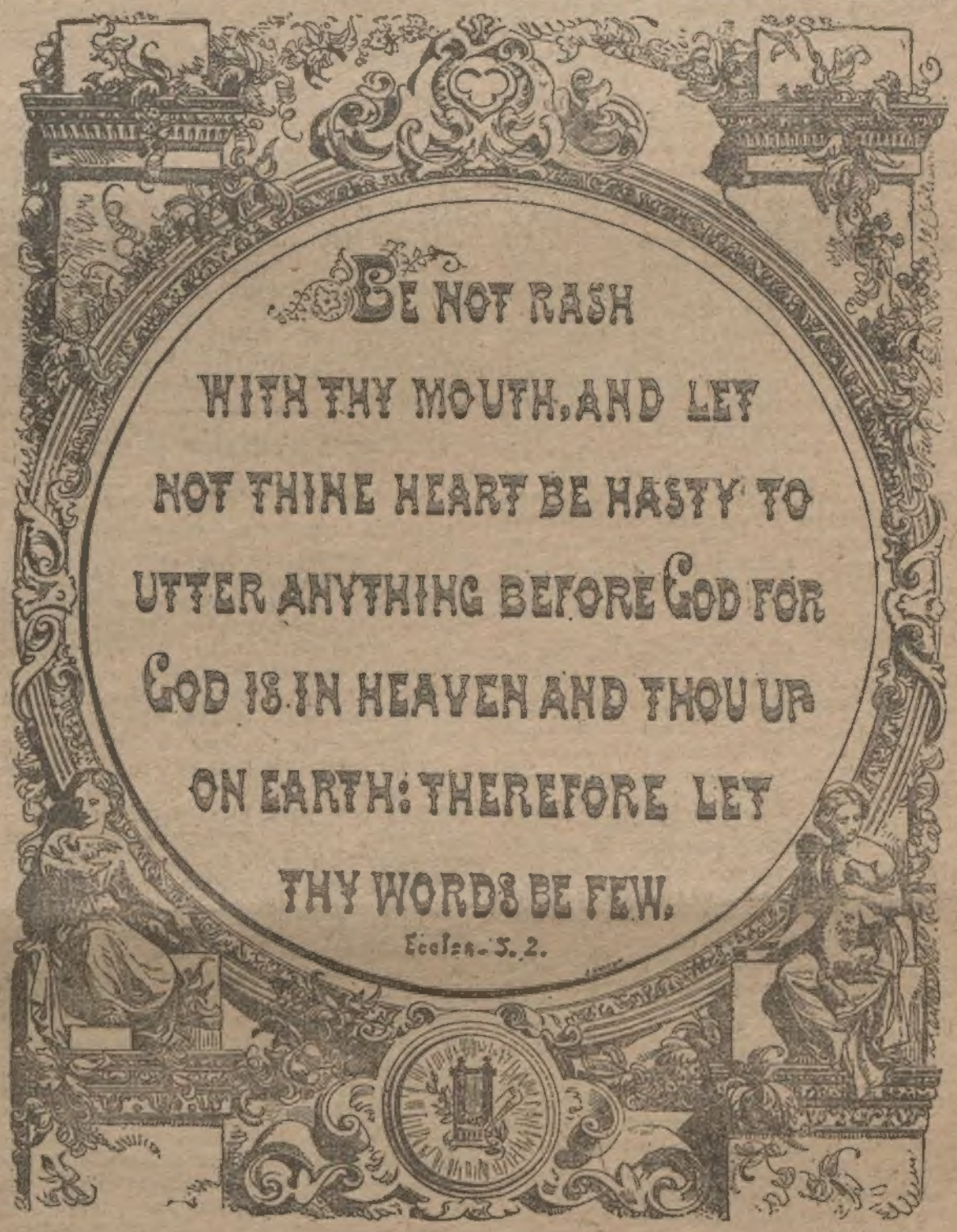
A Lawyer.—A missionary must be a lawyer and judge. There are disputes that he must settle. His bungalow is very often a court of justice. He must be lawyer, judge and jury. Many cases that he settles would puzzle a native magistrate. He must also act as an attorney in cases that must go into court.

A Theologian.—A missionary ought to know religion, and must be religious. He must know in whom he has believed, and be ready to give an answer to the heathen philosopher, as well as to the ignorant heathen.

A Pastor.—The missionary is to preach a personal and individual gospel and organize single and small churches. He is to baptize the ones and twos, and be interested in the small details of individual life. His work has, however, a broader scope and bearing than the individual aspect. He is a factor in a nation's history in civilizing and developing a country. If his work is successful it will affect every phase of a nation's life. A missionary is no specialist. A statesman must give his attention to politics, but a missionary's work has its effect upon the social, industrial, political, educational and religious world. In all lands, but especially in India, the religious life and beliefs control social customs and even education itself. In a land like India, which is undergoing great changes, the work of imparting to a nation true religion and religious life is stupendous and of vital importance. India needs the gospel of Jesus Christ more than she needs English rule or western civilization.

A Teacher.—Education always follows in the path of true religious life. 'Educate people and make them religious' will not succeed, but education will be sure to follow evangelization.

To save souls, to establish the church and plant the gospel of Christ, to take part in advancing civilization and the development of a nation, to ameliorate suffering and preach the gospel to the poor, is a work which is not excelled for grandeur and usefulness by any calling or profession to which man can give his life.—'Baptist Missionary Magazine.'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NOT THINE HEART BE HASTY TO
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ON EARTH: THEREFORE LET
THY WORDS BE FEW.
Eccles. 5. 2.

—'Little Folks.'

The Blacksmith Evangelist.

There was an old blacksmith converted down in the country where I came from—in Tennessee. He was a very ignorant man. A friend of mine met him on the street one day, and said to him: 'Why don't you come up to the revival meetings?' He replied: 'You 'tend to your business, and I'll 'tend to mine.' 'But,' he said, 'I am; I'm a preacher, and I want you to come up to the meetings.' He said: 'I'm a blacksmith; you 'tend to your preaching, and I'll 'tend to my blacksmithing.' 'Well,' he said, 'you come on up there; you can have a back seat, and sit there or go out whenever you please.' Well, he wouldn't promise. But he came, and when the invitation was given he was the first man on the front seats. And he did that thing as he did everything else—he went into it with his whole heart. Good old Tom Sexton! he always had his hair cut in such a funny way—he looked funny—he looked queer. And when they heard that Tom Sexton was converted everybody laughed. But he would go to church and he'd tell the same thing—get up in prayer-meetings, anywhere.

First thing we knew he was beginning to

hold cottage prayer-meetings. A friend of mine who was not a Christian told me that Tom came to him and said: 'Professor, I have to keep my family up with my blacksmithing. I have got nothing but an old gray horse down there, but I want to learn to read the good Book. I never cared to read before, but if you will teach me how to read the good Book, the old gray horse is yours.' Well, my friend said: 'Tom, if you really want to learn, I'll teach you; you can keep your old gray horse, but after I get through with my school in the afternoon I'll just pull the school bell, and you come along and I'll teach you for nothing.' He thanked him. My friend said he never dreamed that Tom would learn to read so soon as he did. At the end of a month he was beginning to read a few verses—wouldn't take any other reader but the Bible. And the next thing we knew he was beginning to hold little protracted meetings in the country school-houses in the winter time—he'd work all day and go along at night to hold meetings. And people would come for miles to have some fun out of old Tom Sexton. He would tell the same thing night after night about how Jesus had saved him—going right over the same thing, but they'd still keep coming; they'd pack the building, and these men who had come these miles to hear Tom would stay and take the same Jesus that he had. I have known prominent doctors and lawyers to give their hearts to God, who went for the fun, but found out that Tom really had Jesus, and what a wonderful change He had wrought in ignorant old Tom. Then Tom began to get out to the neighboring towns, and when I was down home just before coming here, I saw over a great big hall in Knoxville, Tenn.—a city of forty thousand to fifty thousand inhabitants—'The Rev. Thomas Sexton will begin a series of revival meetings here.' That is the third or fourth time he had been in that city.'

A man said he heard Tom get up one day down at Cartersville, Ga., where Sam Jones had his annual revival meetings, and he began to describe Paul and Silas in jail. He said he never heard anything like the way Tom pictured it. He had bad grammar, but he had good thoughts. He began to describe these two men in jail—he said:

'I can just imagine Paul and Silas there with their feet in the stocks and their backs all cut up and bleeding, and everything looked like it was against them, death seemed to be in front of them; and Paul says, "Strike up a hymn, Silas." But Silas says, "You'll have to excuse me, Brother Paul, my back's hurting so, and they've got the stocks round my feet so tight. The sing has all gone out of me, Paul." And Paul says, "Well, we've got to have a hymn, if I start it up myself." And Tom Sexton said: 'I don't know what hymn Paul started up, but I believe if they knew this hymn, it would be this:

"'Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for ev'ryone,
And there's a cross for me."'

The man said he never saw an audience moved as that audience was.—Charles W. Alexander, in the 'Advocate.'

Religious Notes.

In Toro two chiefs have just been admitted to deacons' orders, the first of their race to enter the Christian ministry. A few years ago they gave up their chieftainships in order that they might prepare for orders, and Bishop Tucker had the joy of admitting them both to the diaconate a few weeks since. The Bishop also dedicated to God's service 'a beautiful new church, built of brick, almost like a small cathedral.' It is only eleven years ago that the Bishop baptized, on May 8th, 1896, the first converts in Toro, and now there are over 3,000 Christians and 1,400 communicants in the country.

Rev. James S. Gale, D.D., who has just returned to Korea, writes: 'Our church building holding about 500 has become too small for a congregation of 1,200. A collection of $60 was taken, sheeting bought and stitched together into an awning. The autumn winds, however, blew it down just as the company of 1,600 had started to sing the first hymn. One thousand dollars in gold has already been paid in by the Christians at Seoul to build a church that will seat all the people who wish to attend.—'Missionary Review of the World.'

The 'Missionary Record' reports that the trend towards union of Churches is showing in South Africa. The evangelical forces in South Africa are more deeply realizing their unity, and feeling the call to combine for the furtherance of the kingdom of Christ.

Eight years ago there was not a dollar invested in the Philippines by any Protestant missionary society; to-day nearly $500,000 is held by various American missionary boards. More than 30,000 Filipinos have already confessed faith in the gospel of Jesus Christ. There are 1,000 students studying in the mission schools. The American Bible Society has distributed over 700,000 portions of the Scriptures, a large number of which have been complete Bibles. The British and Foreign Bible Society distributed 37,597 books during the last year.—'Missionary Review of the World.'

Our Labrador Work.

THE NORTHERN FOLK.

Dear Mr. Editor,—On the journey south, while on our way, a Marconigram informed us that the new motor launch 'Daryl' had arrived from Boston. She is only thirty-six feet over all, nine feet beam, and yawl rigged, with a fifteen horse-power kerosene engine. She was manned by four young students of Harvard University with one sailor, and had safely in two weeks covered the intervening hundreds of miles of open water. Crossing safely the dangerous Gulf of Fundy, with its phenomenal and dangerous rise and fall of tides, and the great Gulf of St. Lawrence—well known for its turbulent waters. Proud as we were to hear of their fine achievements, we felt we must look to our laurels, or add to the wording of 'Britannia Rules the Waves.' For it is not with sword and gun true ruling is done, and he who does generous—yes—and brave deeds, for love of his fellows only, is greater than he who takes a city.

Richer by a young man with a mortifying arm, and poorer by many dressings, drugs, and appliances distributed to other applicants, we reached our destination at the Hudson's Bay Company's post at Ukasiksalik, and had taken in a load of wood for fuel by night. Perhaps the most distressing feature of all the work in the extreme north now is the terribly disastrous and cumulative result of disease brought back by the native Eskimo from places in civilization where they were part of the 'exhibits.' Yet there is still no legislation on the subject. My friend, Dr. Low, who recently for the Canadian Government took the SS. 'Neptune' for a twelve months' voyage to North Hudson Bay, describes in his official log a similar, only more concise, example of the heartlessness of the 'better educated.' He writes: 'A few years ago a Scotch whaling firm sent their steamer 'Active' to Southampton Island and brought with them some natives from Big Island. These men, provided with modern rifles soon killed off or drove away the deer in the neighborhood. The old inhabitants, the Sagdlingmiat Eskimo, being armed only with bows and arrows and spears, were unable to compete with the better armed strangers. As a result, the entire tribe, who numbered 68 souls in 1900, died of starvation and disease in the winter of 1902, just for a few dollars. The following year the whaling station was abandoned, and the great island is now uninhabited except for a few of the Big Island Eskimo at the old Whaling Station. Some regulation should be made to prevent the unauthorized movement of natives, or similar wholesale slaughter will again occur.' He adds again, 'These tribes from long contact with whalers, have a mixture of white blood, and have contracted some of the loathsome diseases of civilization.' They have, moreover, no medical or other missionary among them to teach them remedies that we know of, and use so successfully. The Rev. E. W. Peck, of the Church Missionary Society who has spent several years amongst these far-off folk, is now aiming to get back again. Surely if civilization has contributed so directly to the downfall of these poor folks, we who use whalebone, whale oil and guano, ivory and sealskin furs for dress ornamentation, and the products of the north should at least do that which common humanity dictates, and send down amongst them someone with a knowledge of the good things we have also to send. The work could be carried out from this side, though it would at first no doubt be very difficult. As for expense, so much money is now spent every year in going north to destroy for sport the bear, walrus, deer and seals, which form the sole source of food and clothing for these people, that it would only be the most legitimate of taxes if all such sporting ships had to pay large licenses to go with their modern equipment into those extreme regions. For it spells swift destruction of the human beings who live there. The entire value of a walrus when taken and used to the best advantage for commercial purposes is only $50. To a native Eskimo a walrus spells everything that is necessary—food, light, heat, clothing, weapons, and even a boat. The once numerous walrus in Hudson's Bay are now almost destroyed and with them must go the only possible population, as it seems, of that great land whenever it shall please the whaling companies to cease operations, and this they will most certainly do when their prey gets scare, an inevitable result of the improvement of weapons for destroying them. There can be no doubt in any man's mind with a spark of humanity that it is worth while reserving the use of walrus for the natives entirely.

Denmark in Greenland provides a model to the whole world in its parental and effectual care for the defenceless little people of the north land.

It was indeed a sad task we had before us next day, for we had to steam up a long bay to a settler's house to take away his daughter, who was deprived of her reason. A bright, handsome girl—some years ago she came south with me to enter domestic service in a town in Newfoundland. A year ago a hasty message apprised me that she was in the house of detention for a concealed birth. The old story—a promise of marriage—a desertion, and a broken heart. We brought her home only to pine and worse than die under her parents' sorrowing eyes. And now nothing lay before us but to take her where she would find safety in the asylum at St. John's. Yet it would not be consonant with good taste, some say, to speak of a place of punishment reserved hereafter for those who do these things and go unpunished here.

WILFRED T. GRENFELL, C.M.G., M.D.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—James Cairns, Chesley, Ont., $1.00; A Sympathizer, $1.00; 'A Tenth,' Ottawa, $10.00; J. M. Montgomery, Stonewall, $1.00; May S. Miller, Peninsula, Gaspé, $1.00; A Friend, Rockburn, P. Que., $5.00; Total..	$ 19.00
Received for the cots:—'One Tenth for Thee,' Ottawa, $10.00; A Friend, McAuley, Man., $1.00; Total..	$ 11.00
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Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether is is for launch, komatic, or cots.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, MARCH 8, 1903.

Jesus the Bread of Life.

John vi., 2-37. Memory verses 32, 33. Read John vi., 22-51.

Golden Text.

Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life. John vi., 35.

Home Readings.

Monday, March 2.—John vi., 22-34.
Tuesday, March 3.—John vi., 35-52.
Wednesday, March 4.—John vi., 53-71.
Thursday, March 5.—John vii., 1-13.
Friday, March 6.—John vii., 14-27.
Saturday, March 7.—John vii., 28-32, 45-53.
Sunday, March 8.—Ps. lxx., 12-28.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Last Sunday's lesson was about a great big picnic out in the fields where there were thousands of people to be fed, and do you remember who brought the provisions? Yes, it was a little boy, but when he started out he didn't have to carry such an awful lot of food as that would mean, did he? No, he only had his own little lunch basket with five little rolls and two dried fishes in it. It was Jesus you remember who made them do for all those people. Then after the people had gone away for the night Jesus and the disciples went back to Capernaum. Here the crowds soon found him again and told Jesus how they had been looking for him everywhere. Do you think Jesus was pleased to have the people come to him like this? You know we sing that little hymn 'Come to the Saviour, make no delay,' and many other hymns like that, and Jesus often in the Bible tells us to come to him. These people, however, did not come to Jesus because they loved him, but because they thought it would be a good idea to always get food without paying for it, and Jesus who can see everybody's heart knew this. Then he tried to tell them the real reason why he came to earth. Not to feed their bodies, but their spirits.

Talk awhile of this higher spirit life and how Jesus makes it grow strong and beautiful just as our bodies grow if we give them the proper food.

FOR THE SENIORS.

This is the continuation of last Sunday's story and, unfortunately, the natural conclusion as regards the people. The hours of Christ's wonderful teaching had been forgotten in the hope for present physical benefit. What had been to Christ merely a voucher for the authority of the earlier teaching had rather taken its place in the eyes of the people. This seems to be Christ's meaning in verse 26. The word 'miracle' is properly rendered 'sign' in the revised version, and Christ would seem to say 'You come to me not because you understand the meaning of such a sign of my power, but because you look for further physical benefits through a power that has only touched your curiosity.' Then he tries to turn their thoughts to higher things. The divine patience of Christ is again wonderfully exhibited. Among men how easy it is for those who have caught a higher vision to despise the minds that cannot appreciate their view. That the people understood somewhat, however, is evident from their comparison of Christ to Moses—'If indeed you claim to be the greater prophet of whom Moses spoke (Deut. xviii., 15) then your 'sign' of yesterday is not sufficient. One meal's supply does not compare with a forty years 'supply in the desert.' Patiently again Jesus brings them back. God, not Moses, was the source of that old-time gift of physical food, and again he has sent them food, but this time of a higher nature, food for the spirit, not the body. The emphasis Christ places on the simile of food should make us careful to see that Christ actually does serve the same purpose in our spiritual life that food serves for the body. This thought it is that the Lord's Supper expresses so beautifully.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Verse 29. Work is too often thought of as belonging only to the visible realm, as being wrought by hand or limb. Brain labor, heart labor, is often more intense, more exhausting than hand labor. Faith is indeed a work—perhaps the hardest work of our life. It has to wrestle with unbelief, to resist the insidious attacks of doubt. We have to 'hold fast our confidence,' our faith, as St. Paul says. Men often speak of faith as if it were the easiest of all things to be obtained; as if they had only to be passive and it would be wakened in their hearts. It is neither wakened nor sustained without inward spiritual labor.—Garrett Horder.

Verse 37. That. R. V., that which. All that which the Father giveth me. 'Was it not natural for Jesus at this hour to fall back on the eternal purpose of His Father as that which, notwithstanding all the disappointment and unbelief He was experiencing, should be carried out? His mission was divinely ordained; and it lay not in man's unbelief or opposition or indifference to thwart its success.' Reith. Him that cometh. 'The giving, God's act; the coming, man's.'—Reith.

I am accustomed to regard the moral and the spiritual in the light of a diet or daily bread, which only then becomes daily bread when I make it my rule of life, and never lose sight of it the whole year round.—Goethe.

To believe on Christ is initial faith; to receive Him is appropriating faith; to understand Him is intelligent faith; to assimilate Him is active faith.—Cornelius Woelfkin.

Faith is the root of all good works; a root that produces nothing is dead.—Wilson.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

Verse 15. 'Jesus was wont, even as we are, to refresh a wasted strength by draughts from the celestial springs; and as Antaeus, in his wrestling, recovered himself as he touched the ground, so we find Jesus, in the great crises of his life, falling back upon heaven.'—H. Burton.

Dr. McClymont, in the 'New Century Bible,' writes, 'While this death upon the cross was to prove the greatest of all stumbling-blocks to those who had hoped to find in him a temporal Messiah (I. Cor. i., 23; John xii., 34; Matt. xvi., 22), the resurrection and ascension to which it was to lead would bring the explanation and fulfilment of what he had been saying. It would not be so hard to conceive of Him as the bread come down from heaven when he was believed to have ascended up to heaven in his glorified humanity, to send down the Holy Spirit into the hearts of his followers and thus unite them with himself.'

Jesus feeds the soul in every part. 'How many characteristics are necessary to make our character Godlike. We do not know. There must be love, humility, submission, patience, hope, gentleness, joy, and all the qualities that entered to compose the character of the Son of God.'—Cornelius Woelfkin.

BIBLE REFERENCES.

I. Cor. xi., 23-26; Matt. iv., 4; Luke xii., 23; Isa. lv., 2; Psa. xxxiv., 8.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, March 8.—Topic—The wise use of time. Eph. v., 15-21.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, March 2.—Bringing children to Christ. Mark x., 13-16.

Tuesday, March 3.—Brought by a father. Mark ix., 17-27.

Wednesday, March 4.—Brought by a woman. John iv., 28-30, 39.

Thursday, March 5.—Bringing a deaf man. Mark vii., 32-37.

Friday, March 6.—Bringing a blind man. Mark viii., 22-26.

Saturday, March 7.—Bringing the sick. Matt. iv., 24.

Sunday, March 8.—Topic—Bringing our friends to Christ. Mark ii., 1-5.

That Unruly Boy.

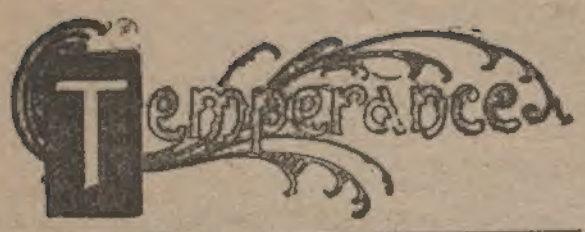
(By an Ex-Superintendent, in the 'S. S. Journal.')

He has been in the several Sunday schools, four in all, which I have had the honor to serve as superintendent; he is in your Sunday-school. For the unruly boy 'ye have always with you.' He is the bane of his teacher's life. Not that he is stupid, for he is not constructed after that pattern; besides, providence helps us to bear with stupid boys. On the contrary, the unruly boy is bright, 'smart,' as the Yankee would say, aggressive and progressive, heady and restrainless.

Such a boy was Arthur Morgan. He was in his fourteenth year—the know-it-all age with the average boy—of regulation height, of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to,' but withal slovenly in his attire. The itinerant system found in him a shining example, since for good and sufficient reasons his class relations were often changed. One after another of his teachers had suffered from the demoralization that invariably followed in his train, and so it came to pass that one day the last one to wrestle with him said to me with burning indignation, 'Arthur must go! I can bear it no longer; he is not worth saving!' The statement startled me. In an instant a 'plan' for Arthur's regeneration flashed across my mind and as quickly crystallized into a determination to give him something to do, to load him with direct personal responsibility, whereupon I said to the teacher, 'Try Arthur or two weeks longer, and if at the end of that time you do not request me to let him remain in your class I will relieve you of his presence.' To this proposition the teacher assented, reluctantly, however, and evidently for my sake.

Just before the close of the session on that day I said to the school, 'You will be interested in an announcement I am about to make, which is this: Beginning with next Sunday we shall have three ushers, one for each aisle, selected from the ranks of our young men. They will be at the entrance to this room at precisely a quarter after two o'clock, fifteen minutes before the opening of the session, to attend to the seating of new scholars and visitors, whether they be strangers or members of our own church or congregation. When prayer is to be offered the door shall be closed and remain closed during that exercise and re-opened at the conclusion thereof. When all persons shall have been provided with sittings the ushers shall repair to their respective classes. The ushers will answer politely all inquiries concerning our Sabbath and week-day church services and extend a welcome to all strangers. I am going to appoint only such young men as I know will be quiet, dignified, courteous, free from frivolity, and who will refrain from whispering with each other. I then announce the names of the appointees as follows: Sylvester Bond, Arthur Morgan, Julien Forbes.' And whereas real sensations are few and far between in this life, the mention of Arthur's name as one of the trio was the signal for an expression of ill-concealed surprise on the faces of the entire school.

On the following Sunday the ushers were in their appointed places at the minute named, and, as a matter of course, I was there to witness the inauguration of the scheme. As for Arthur, though he was sandwiched in between two of the steadiest boys in the school, his conduct was in no sense inferior to theirs; and whereas in the matter of his personal appearance he had been indifferent to the verge of slovenliness, the transformation was complete. In a word, he had acquired self-respect and a regard for the opinions of other people concerning himself. Nor is this to be despised, for in the language of an old school reader, 'A young man is not far from ruin when he can say without blushing, "I care not what others think of me."' Best of all, however, the unruly boy was transformed into an orderly scholar and became a good citizen. At the end of a fortnight his teacher not only esteemed him 'worth saving,' but requested me to leave him in his class, which I gladly did. Moral: Give the unruly boy something to do, and you will find him worth saving.



The Coming Triumph.

Mine eyes have seen the dawning of a coming glorious morn,
Mine ears have heard the angels' song they sang when Christ was born;
I have caught the word of promise unto weary hearts and worn,
That God is marching on.

I can hear the steady treading of ten thousand marching feet;
True men and women moving on through highway, lane and street;
They will never pause, nor falter, till the triumph is complete,
With God they're marching on.

Let the sobs of helpless children, crushed by crimes the law allows,
Let the blighted lives of women, lost through manhood's broken vows,
Let the sighs of hopeless sorrow every freeman's heart arouse,
Since God is marching on.

For the cries of all earth's little ones have reached the Great White Throne;
And the King Himself has hearkened; He has made their griefs His own;
He is coming to help the helpless; He will make His judgments known;
His strength is marching on.

Though the chains of sin are heavy, and they bind our native land,
Though the curse is on the nations, yet our God has raised His Hand;
He is calling us to follow;—We advance at his command;
With Him we're marching on.

No multitude is mighty that has made a league with sin;
Nor wealth, nor wisdom can defend, when evil rules within;
For the meek shall overcome them, and the Right the day shall win,
Since God is marching on.

—Richard H. Thomas, M.D., in 'Alliance News.'

We Appeal to the Churches.

whose place it is to expound moral obligations, and among whom ought ever to be cultured the most tender watchfulness against all that would 'hurt or destroy,' or retard the uplifting of men. We appeal to those who have in hand the Temperance literature of our time; to those who bend their energies in the cause of Temperance reform; to all men and women who are capable of forming a definite conviction as to the moral character of this traffic. Let facts speak. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' In the light of the horrid havoc and ghastly tragedies, which are everywhere the fruit of this traffic, are we not forced to recognize that it is against God, against man, and the chief servant of the great enemy of our race. Do we need any further warrant to brand it immoral, and a violation both of the spirit and the letter of every true law of life.

But, having branded this traffic immoral, let us see where we stand. Our actions, our words, our point of attack must be ordered accordingly. Then it is evident—

1st. That to advocate moderation in that which is immoral would be wickedness.

2nd. That the money made in an immoral trade is as 'the price of blood.'

3rd. That compensation for relinquishing an immorality would be atrocious.

4th. That 'municipal' or 'distinterested management' of an immorality is, in a Christian land, unthinkable.

5th. That if the traffic is immoral, the point of most concentrated yet widest wickedness, and therefore the point which first demands attack, is the point of national license.

6th. The obligation therefore is not restriction but abolition; yet wisdom and principle alike tell us that while seeking abolition and urging its obligation, we hold ourselves ready to accept meanwhile any and every restriction we can secure.

Do we need to say, in closing, that by 'the drink traffic,' which we have here pronounced immoral, we do not mean the manufacture and sale of alcohol for legitimate purposes and under due control; but we mean that huge system of temptation which sets at every corner and along all our highways, attractive and ensnaring saloons to minister to human weakness and flourish by human destruction. A traffic which a great statesman declared to be 'worse than war, famine, and pestilence combined,' and which a royal Prince described as 'the only enemy England has to fear.'—'Everybody's Monthly.'

Little Mary's Escape.

Did you ever see such a beautiful Sunday morning, Mrs. Collins?'

There was something cheery and kindly in the voice that uttered the words, but the woman addressed turned rather unwillingly to respond to the well-meant greeting.

'I've seen others as fine, Mrs. Digby,' she replied in an unpleasant tone, rendered all the more sulky, perhaps, by the sight of the neat dark dress and bonnet worn by her neighbor.

Mrs. Collins herself, who was as untidy as her acquaintance was the reverse, stood idly leaning over a low wall, watching any stray passer-by who might happen to take the high road beyond it. Beside her, in ragged frock, with face begrimed, and uncombed hair, her only little child, Mary, busied herself with plucking the blossoms of some flowering weed, and then throwing them to the winds, as many a child has done before her.

'I see you're going to your place of worship, as you call it, continued Mrs. Collins, with a sneering look upon her face.

'Yes; I'm going to church. I wish you would go with me,' she went on. 'Tis early yet; I'll wait for you and help you get the little one ready,' and she approached the dilapidated old gate as she spoke.

'Not if I knows it,' rejoined the other, almost barring her passage. 'My husband never went to church, nor I neither, and I ain't going to begin now, I can tell ye.'

'I should like you to hear our new minister preach,' urged Mrs. Digby, gently. 'You know what a good man he is, and——'

'Don't you talk to me about parsons. They are all alike, always preaching, but they don't keep a poor woman from starving.'

True it was that Mrs. Collins had nothing to depend upon but her own efforts. For more than two years she had been a widow, and though her husband, a steady, hard-working man, had earned good wages, his wife had managed to spend all his earnings, and when, at the early age of thirty, he was taken from her, she found herself, with her child, utterly penniless. Yet she was able-bodied and strong, and, like her neighbor, Widow Digby, could have found employment in the populous village of Wanstrow, about two miles distant, in which the new minister, Mr. Jackson, had taken up his residence three months previously. Naturally of an indolent disposition, however, she never sought work, except when absolutely under the necessity of doing so. One by one her articles of furniture had been disposed of, and the interior of the little cottage she now inhabited presented a dismal spectacle indeed.

Her rancorous ill-will towards Mr. Jackson would have been difficult to explain. She had never spoken to him, and though, notwithstanding his short sojourn of three months at Wanstrow, he had made time to find his way to the outlying hamlet in which she dwelt, and to seek out her cottage, it was only to find her absent.

Not so little Mary. Left to take care of herself as best she could, with the injunction not to leave the garden, the child had welcomed the kindly visitor with her sunny smile, and his heart went out in pity to the solitary little being. On his leaving, she had presented him with a large pet lily she had been nursing in her loneliness, and had watched his retreating figure till it vanished from her sight. Then, on her mother's return, she had told her all about the kind clergyman, and was surprised indeed that she only spoke angrily about him, and said she hoped he would never come to see them any more.

Like most of us, when we know ourselves to be in fault, she sought to lay the blame upon everything and everybody except herself, and misconstrued acts of kindness, regarding them only with ingratitude.

On this particular Sunday morning, Mrs. Collins was in one of her worst humors. Dinner for herself and the little one she had none, owing, she well knew, to her own idleness. Hence the remark made to Mrs. Digby, in such bitterness of spirit, that parsons did nothing to save a poor woman from starving.

The latter, seeing that she was in no mood to listen to her suggestion, thought it best to say no more for that time. At that moment the chimes from the old church tower rang out sweet and clear through the morning air.

'Well, perhaps you'll come round to my way of thinking some of these days.' Then, adding kindly, 'I've got just a bit of pudding for the little one, if you'll send her across about one o'clock,' she turned away, the sunshine in her heart as bright as that which gleamed along the winding field path leading to the house of God. A muttered 'thank you' only sounded in her ears as she went.

Mrs. Collins looked after her a moment, and was just about to leave her place at the wall, when little Mary uttered an exclamation of delight and ran hastily away to a hidden corner of the garden. In an instant she returned, bearing in her hand a belated violet, which had somehow found its way into that neglected wilderness. Making straight for the low wall, the child attracted her mother's attention by striving to climb to an opening in it; and looking up the road Mrs. Collins perceived, a very few yards distant, a clergyman hastening along it.

In him she at once recognized Mr. Jackson, and at the same time noted that little Mary was holding out the violet towards him. It was but the work of an instant to snatch the fragrant blossom from her hand, and with one clutch to swing her off the wall on to the path.

'Go along in,' she said angrily, giving her a shove towards the open door of her wretched abode, and following her into it.

The child burst into tears, and then the woman, who, despite all her faults, had a heart somewhere, felt really distressed at her own unkindness, and tried to soothe her as best she could. 'There now, don't cry, little un, I'll find ye another flower somewhere.'

Meanwhile, the new minister, who had seen all that had happened, hurried on to Wanstrow, and did not forget, when ministering in the church that morning, to offer up a prayer for both mother and child.

The bit of pudding, promised little Mary by kind-hearted Mrs. Digby, proved to be half a large apple pudding, accompanied by a plate of greens and potatoes as a first course. Yet, in these generous gifts, so often repeated, Mrs. Collins never once recognized the hand of Providence, nor offered one word of thankfulness to God for His fatherly care of her and hers.

As week after week rolled by Mrs. Collins' earnings visibly diminished, and, worse than all, even the little she did earn, was spent, not in procuring occasional meals for the helpless little girl at home, but in providing herself with the most deadly of all enemies to man or woman—drink.

(To be continued.)

In the course of a speech at Christchurch, Dr. Alfred J. H. Crespi, of Wimborne, said that the central truth of teetotalism is not so thoroughly expounded as it used to be. The central truth was that alcoholic drinks were unnecessary in health or in disease. Touching upon the plea of drinking 'by doctor's orders,' he averred that much of this class of drinking is the result of the patients themselves asking whether a little brandy or a little wine would not be beneficial, and their medical advised simply said 'Yes.'—Selected.

Correspondence

P., P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I am going to school and I am in the third grade. I have a horse named Jimmie and a cat named Muffy. I have a pair of skates and I am learning to skate. I find it very hard work. I got a prize for best attendance from my teacher; the school is one mile from us and we have very bad walking in the winter time.

RUSSEL D. McLEOD (age 8).

M. E., Ill.

Dear Editor,—Like many of the writers, I live on a farm. My papa is dead, but my mama is living. I am ten years old. I have four brothers, but two are dead, and two sisters, but only one living. We have two little calves. One has a white place in his forehead in the shape of V, and the other one is red all over.

CLARA T. WHEAT.

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country and have lots of fun. There is a creek by our house and in the summer time we go fishing. One day I caught 21 fish in three hours. We have lots of thunder and lightning in the summer; it almosts scares me to death. Mother and I go picking blueberries in the summer time and we get 22 quarts every day. I take music lessons on the piano.

ERIC YOUMANS.

U., N.S.

Dear Editor,—My mamma says that her mamma took the 'Messenger' as long ago as she can remember. She remembers one nice continued story in the 'Messenger,' entitled 'Amy's Probation.' I have a twin sister. We are in the sixth grade at school. We enjoy reading the 'Messenger' very much.

MARTHA MacALONEY.

W., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live but a short way from the Chippewa creek and canal, and I have lots of fun on the ice. Sometimes I ride with my papa and help him peddle milk. I go to Sunday School. I am in the junior second class in the every-day school. I am eleven years old.

LELAND GROBB.

A., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I was in the country yesterday. I made a trap of snow and it got drifted up. I was skating and had a good time. I guess I will close now.

WALLACE McBAIN.

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I just have about a mile to go to school. When it is stormy papa drives me. I am in the part two. I have a little dog. I call him Reddie. I like the 'Messenger' very much. We have taken it for a long time.

ELSIE BANTING.

T., N.S.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for two years in our Sunday School, and we all like it very much. As I have not seen many letters from Nova Scotia I thought I would write one. I like writing the best. We have a very nice teacher in our school. I cannot go now, however, as I have the whooping-cough. We had a Christmas tree in our school, and we had a lovely time. We have had no sleighing here yet this winter, but it is storming now, and I hope it will keep on. The answer to Olive H. Morgan's riddle (January 24) is ate one too (812).

LAURA JOHNSON.

W. A., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I will be thirteen years old next July, and am going to try for the entrance into the high school when summer comes. I have not been to school for two weeks, on account of a bad cold. We have a mile and a-half to go to school. I have two cats. One is nine years old and the other is her kitten. They often fight, and then I have to punish them.

A. A. C.

W. A., N.S.

Dear Editor,—This is the second letter I have written to the 'Messenger.' I do not think I will send a drawing this time. I got a lot of presents at Christmas and had a good time. We have three horses and a colt. We are going to break the colt in this winter. We have eleven head of cattle. I am feeding a calf on turnips, for I am going to sell him. I have a dog named Bob. He likes to chase the colt. We live on a hill and I have great fun coasting and skating. I got a pair of skates at Christmas, and can skate very well.

AETON COATES (age 9).

B., Mass.

Dear Editor,—Two or three years ago I was at the home of my aunt's, and she asked me if I took the 'Messenger.' I told her 'no.' She then asked me if I would like to take it, and I said 'yes.' From then on I have taken the 'Messenger' until now, with the exception of a few weeks. I belong to the Christian Church and Sunday School in Boston. I have been in the Sunday School ever since I was three and a-half years of age and am now fifteen. I attend the Sunday School at ten o'clock sharp every Sunday morning, and stay to church at eleven o'clock, and again to the C. E. meeting, which I led last Sunday evening at six-thirty o'clock, and then stay to the evening meeting at seven-thirty o'clock. Here are some puzzles to publish, if they have not been asked before: 1. What ship has two mates, but no captain? 2. Why is the little Italian boy like the sun? The answer to Florence Smale's puzzle (January 24) is—One dollar and five cents for the bottle and five cents for the cork. The example was done in Algebra.

WM. R. CAMPBELL.

F., Man.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm a mile and a half from school. We have a little pony and drive to school. I only missed one day last term, and got the prize for attendance. I will be eight on my next birthday. Mamma has taken the 'Messenger' a good many years. I like to read the little stories and letters in it. I will close by sending you this riddle: Why are young ladies like arrows?

AMY F. M. BWIDETT.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A Happy Family.' Cyrus A. Winger (age 10), S., Ont.
2. 'Birds.' Donald L. Mitchell, C., Ont.
3. 'War Vessel.' Gordon Stewart (age 9), F., Ont.
4. 'Puss Fishing.' Silverlocks (age 11), Tara, Ont.
5. 'Billy Bunty.' J. A. Toffey, P., Ont.
6. 'Elephant's Head.' Donald McElrae (age 8), S., P. Que.
7. 'House.' Dorothy Haines (age 10), F., N.S.
8. 'Fred, the Snorter.' H. E. Cannon, P., Ont.
9. 'Pot of Flowers.' Jeanette Ferguson (age 8), A., Ont.
10. 'Rat Hut Windmill.' C. D. Gallagher, P., Ont.
11. 'On a Search.' Dorothy Nutter (age 13), E. S., P. Que.
12. 'A Little Girl.' Bertha Shore (age 11), Ottawa.
13. 'A Lady.' D. Dewar (age 11), G., Ont.
14. 'Jack and I.' Kenneth (age 7), D., Ont.
15. 'I'd leave my happy home for you.' Mabel Colley (age 12), C., Ont.
16. 'A Train.' Douglas W. Downey (age 9), C., N.B.
17. 'Nigger, our Dog.' Cecil Darkins (age 10), M., Ont.
18. 'Scene.' Beulah Dixon, R., Ont.

OTHER LETTERS.

'A Canadian Girl,' Rockspring, Ont., writes: 'We have had a terrible snowstorm and the roads are pretty well blocked with snow drifts now.' Nearly all Canada can sympathize with that complaint. The editor had a good smile over the last part of your letter, 'Canadian girl,' but decided to leave it out.

Our little correspondent, Minnie May Hadley, H., Ont., writes again. Very sorry grandma is so sick, Minnie, and we hope with you that she will soon be better.

Gladys Gainford, A., Ont., says, 'I am very fond of music and play both piano and cornet.' That's splendid. Gladys answers the first one of Lila Acon's riddles (February 7)—She weighs candy. The other answers are not quite right.

Grace Stirtan, S., Ont., is learning 'to hemstitch a handkerchief this winter.' Do you find it hard, Grace? Your riddle has been asked before.

Gordon Stewart, F., Ont., sends a little letter with his drawing. Your little sister Margaret's drawing is quite safe and will go in some day soon.

Leonard Cameron, M., N.B., says 'there is no school here this winter and I am glad.' That is too bad, Leonard.

Flora G. M. Gilbert, L. R., P. Que., says, 'My aunt Flora gave me the 'Messenger' for a Christmas present.' Glad you soon started writing, Flora.

Robert Jameson, K., Que., writes, 'Last year I got five dollars as a prize from our friend the Major for regular attendance and not being late at school.'

Myrtle Boyd, B., P. Que., sends a Bible question that has, however, been asked before. Myrtle says 'the teacher boards with us and when it is stormy they drive us to school.'

Cecil Darkins, M., Ont., says, 'I have some chores to do when I get home from school and I like to do them.' That's right, Cecil, a man who does not like his work generally makes a pretty poor showing in this world.

Elsie M. Swail, R., P. Que., writes: 'We have a nice teacher. She is the same teacher that my mamma went to school to when she was a little girl.' Your riddle, Elsie, has been asked before.

Pearl Creighton, W., Que., also has a nice teacher. She says too, 'We have a dog as old as I am, but he is getting pretty feeble.' Isn't it funny that thirteen years make quite an old doggie, but just a little girl?

A very neat little letter came from Douglas W. Downey, C., N.B., and others from Muriel V. Duncan, Toronto; Louis H. Adams, W., Sask.; Donald Angus McElrae, S., P. Que.; Nina Hickey, P. W., N.B., and from Vera M. McWhirter, a very fortunate young lady as the list of her Christmas presents shows.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Keep the Heart Tender.

Keep the heart tender, kindly, and true;
Water it freely with Love's gentle dew;
Garner its harvest of rich burnished gold;
Let in the sunshine, and shut out the cold.

Keep the heart tender with flowers of kind deeds,
And the sweets of their perfume will choke out the weeds;
And the soft beams of Pity, or Mercy, and Love
Will yield to the glory that gleams from above.

Keep the heart tender with sweet, loving words,
And they'll fill it with music like the warble of birds
In the heart of the forest—so joyful and clear,
When the birds are awaking in the springtime of year!

Keep the heart tender with holy desires,
And they'll freshen its altars and quench the fierce fires
Of Hatred and Envy, of sins ever new;
Keep the heart tender, pure, kindly, and true.

—'Temperance Journal.'

Barrington's Test.

(By Mabel Earle, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

'Stand back there, Michaelek, and let this team drive through to the bins,' Barrington called as the roar of the great crusher sank into temporary silence. 'Why are you men there blocking the way? Get about your work. Well, Carlsen, what is it now?'

The group at the smelter door broke away as Barrington came nearer. They were a little afraid of the young superintendent, and they had no mind to be caught loafing. Barrington was not entirely satisfied with their ready obedience. He turned to the white-faced Dane who had been the centre of the group.

'Pitching into you again, were they, Carlsen?' he asked with the brusque kindliness which made his men like him as much as they feared him. 'What was it this time? Politics?'

'No, not anything,' the man answered, stooping awkwardly to pick up his shovel. A dull red began to smoulder in his cheeks as the white heat of his anger died down. Barrington could see that he was controlling himself with difficulty. The thin hands shook as they clinched on the shovel.

'Don't take it too hard,' the superintendent counselled. 'They're only in fun, you know. That's their way of teasing. They always quit if they see me coming.'

'I know,' the man answered, throwing a shovelful of charcoal into the steel barrow which stood waiting on the scales.

The roar of the crusher began again at the other side of the charge-floor, vibrating through the walls of the building as it ground down the crude ore. Barrington shook his head, and walked on, glancing at the different bins. Carlsen's relations with the other men formed a problem harder to solve than the knottiest questions of practical metallurgy.

The Dane had come into his employ six months earlier, just out of the hospital at Quartz City—a quaint, unfriendly creature, with sad eyes always ready to flash into anger. From the first day he had been the butt of the workmen's jokes. More than once a word of Barrington's had rescued him from their rough horse-play.

The superintendent had talked with him occasionally, learning that he was a man of unusual education and ability, fond of studying in his lonely cabin at night, a socialist avowedly; an anarchist perhaps, as Barrington believed, fancying the poor fellow's shades of political opinion quite unimportant. The fact that he understood the smelting of lead more perfectly than any other man in the works was more interesting to Barrington than his bursts of indignation against landholders and capitalists.

Carlsen had come to be much attached to the young superintendent, looking upon him as one friend in the midst of enemies. Two days before this last outbreak of his tormentors he had put a roll of manuscript into Barrington's hands, asking him to look it over. Barrington thrust it into a pigeon-hole of his desk, and forgot it; but, as he walked past the ore-bins this evening, the recollection of Carlsen's tense, wasted face brought back the thought of his manuscript.

'It isn't likely that I shall be over again to-night, Michaelek,' he said to the foreman. 'I'm going to be at the office until ten or eleven, though; and, if you get into any trouble with that new ore from the Bluebird, you can come and call me. I think the charge will run all right as you have it; but, if it doesn't, we'll see what can be done.'

He strolled on across the smelter-yard, whistling a snatch of some college song, and realizing not at all that he was going into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil.

Two hours later he sat at his desk, with Carlsen's manuscript open before him. He was not reading the cramped, half-scholarly hand. He was reading the pages of a book which Satan had spread out before his eyes promising him the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them if he would fall down and worship the powers of dishonor.

It mattered little to him how Carlsen had solved the problems which had been baffling men of his profession for five years past. In the rude sketches and the crumpled columns of figures before him he could see that the Dane had arrived at conclusions which would be of untold value to metallurgists over all this mountain country. These things meant wealth if they reached the men who ought to handle them. They meant fame for the man who should bring them forward. Was there any need for them to be offered in the name of Gustave Carlsen?

Carlsen was a consumptive; so much Barrington knew. He was certain to die within a year or two at most. The climate was not bringing him any improvement. He had laughed with Barrington once, pathetically, over the short allowance of life left to him. Now, if this manuscript could be held back from publication for a while, only a little while; if Carlsen could be discouraged as to his projects; if matters could simply take their own course, with a little delay, Carlsen would be out of this world, beyond the need of its money or its praise; and his secret would be in the hands of a man who needed sorely both wealth and influence.

Barrington had always believed himself to be a man of honor. He had said and thought that the petty motives which lead men to cheat and defraud had no influence over him. He had believed himself beyond the reach of greed. Yet now, facing the pages where Carlsen had set down the pitiful hope of his life-remnant, he found himself in the grip of a temptation strong enough to sweep him past the landmarks of clean years and clear ideals.

The impulses which urged him on were not entirely selfish. For that reason they gathered force as he ventured to look at them. An invalid mother in the East, who needed the care of high-priced specialists; a younger sister anxious to complete her musical education in Germany; the thousand opportunities for good which come with the possession of wealth; the unmeasured weight of influence attaching to a well-known name. Between his hand and these things stood only that white, pitiful face of Carlsen, Carlsen, who had no term of life to enjoy them.

Barrington pushed back his chair suddenly, and sprang to his feet, quivering. His forehead was wet with beads of perspiration as he drew his hand across it.

'If I had looked at that manuscript a little longer, I shouldn't have been fit to speak to decent men,' he said.

There was a tap at the door. Michaelek stood there, cap in hand.

'If you'd come over a minute, sir? I think it's going pretty much all right, but I'd like to ask about something before you leave for the night.'

Barrington turned up his coat-collar, and went with the man across the yard. There was a keen sparkle of frost in the stars over the black smelter-roof. The glare of light from the furnaces below struck out across the lower yards, where dusty shapes of men moved to and fro, wheeling the red slag-pots. The lights on the charge-floor flared under the shadows of the roof as Barrington went in with Michaelek.

The steel barrow was standing on the scales, with its mixture of materials weighed and proportioned, ready to be fed into the furnace nearest the door, Carlsen's furnace. Michaelek moved on toward one of the ore-bins after a few words; Barrington paused to read the scales.

'Why, Carlsen, you're sick!' he exclaimed, glancing at the Dane's face, which showed suddenly deathlike against the dark wall behind him. 'You're not fit to handle this. Go home, man! and I'll get some other fellow to do your work to-night. Here, I'll put in this feed myself.'

He laid hands on the wheelbarrow to trundle it toward the open door of the furnace. The Dane sprang at him with an incoherent shriek.

'Not that! Not you—no, no!'

Carlsen's foot slipped against a rolling pebble on the floor, and he fell forward across the steel barrow, his head striking upon one of the sharp corners of the scales. Stooping to lift him, Barrington saw the end of a stick of dynamite protruding from the mass of ore and charcoal which he had been about to throw into the feed-door.

'What's up?' Michaelek demanded at his elbow. 'Is he hurt? Fit?'

Barrington pulled out the stick of dynamite cautiously, and held it up without a word. The foreman drew one short whistle between his teeth, backing off toward the ore-bins.

'Don't say anything about it,' Barrington ordered, lifting the shape that lay across the barrow. 'This was the first he had tried to put it in; I know that well enough from what he said. We're safe enough if you look over everything about here carefully, and make sure there is none of the stuff hidden anywhere. Hello! There's more of it here in the barrow.'

The workmen had begun to crowd about the scales, while Barrington knelt with one arm under Carlsen's head, and his fingers on the fluttering pulse. At sight of the dynamite some one muttered, 'He ought to be lynched!'

Barrington turned sharply.

'Get back to your work!' he said. There was no more discussion of lynching at the smelter that night.

With Michaelek's help he carried Carlsen to his own office, and made him as comfortable as possible, sending for a doctor. The blow on Carlsen's head had merely stunned him without inflicting serious injury; but two of his ribs were broken in the fall, and the shock to his entire frame, weakened and wasted as it had long been, was not a trifling matter of itself.

'I did not mean it for you,' he said suddenly to Barrington towards morning. 'It was for a blow to capital, and I thought I and the men who laughed at me would die together. But not you. You are my friend.'

Barrington glanced at the manuscript, still lying on his desk, and his cheeks burned at the thought of his escape from a crime which would have been blacker than the half-crazed plot of the man who was willing to die for his mistaken ideals.

'You won't die yet for a while, Carlsen,' he said, trying to laugh. 'We're going to bring out these ideas of yours, and make a rich man of you. I'll help you.'

'I left them for you,' Carlsen said. 'That paper—it was all that was good of my life. It was to be for you.'

At that Barrington went out into the other room of the office, and put his head in his arms on the bookkeeper's desk. There are times—afterwards—when Satan's offer of the kingdoms of the world seems a paltry price for that which he has been trying to buy. It was well for Barrington that he had not closed with the offer.

Carlsen lived long enough to enjoy a little

of the fame and fortune which his ideas began to win for him, long enough, also, to abandon some of his vagaries under the humanizing warmth of friendship. No attempt was ever made to bring him to justice for his actions on that night. At the time he had been barely responsible, and there was no danger whatever that he would repeat the attempt. A shuddering horror at the thought of the harm which he had so nearly brought upon his friend displaced the wild theories which he had taken up in years of loneliness and misery.

He died at last, leaving his patents to the man who had helped him perfect them and bring them out. Barrington thus came, somewhat reluctantly, into the possession of that which had once been offered him at the great price of his soul.

Walking across the smelter-yard with Michaelek one night when the stars shone frostily over the black roof, Barrington shivered, and muttered something under his breath.

'What's that?' asked the foreman. 'Cold?'

'No,' Barrington answered. 'I happened to think about the greatest danger I ever went through in all my life.'

'Night that Carlsen tried to blow us up?' guessed Michaelek.

'Yes,' said Barrington, remembering not the dynamite by the furnace door, but the pages of an open manuscript upon his desk. 'That was the night.'

Omaha, Neb.

The Origin of the Word 'Dumb-bell.'

I wonder how many readers are aware of the origin of the word 'dumb-bell.' At Knole, Lord Sackville's grand old ancestral country seat in Kent, there is a 'dumb-bell gallery.' Located in the attic, it is unfurnished and empty, except that in the middle stands a curious wooden machine, resembling a windlass used for hauling up buckets from a draw-well. But it has no handles. A rope is wound round the middle of the roller, and at each end are four iron arms, each with a poise or ball of lead at the end. The rope formerly passed through a hole, which still exists, in the floor into the Leicester gallery below. A person, by pulling the rope in this gallery, caused the roller, with the iron arms poised with lead, to revolve at the first pull, and the impetus given rewound the rope. Thus it continued to wind and unwind at each pull, giving the same exercise as that of ringing a bell in a church tower, except that it was noiseless.

This dumb-bell gallery and the contrivance which I have just described date back to Thomas Sackville, first Earl of Dorset, who was master of Knole Park from 1603 to 1608, and investigation has shown that it was constructed for the sake of exercise, old memoirs going to show that in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries bell-ringing 'was part of a gentleman's education and practice.'

The contrivance in the dumb-bell gallery at Knole Park was therefore destined to keep the gentlemen of the establishment in proper physical training, and to furnish them with adequate bodily exercise. There was nothing that kept the muscles in such good trim as bell-ringing. That was why a dumb-bell was rigged up in the house, not only at Knole Park, but likewise in other equally ancient country houses of the Elizabethan and Jacobean eras. By degrees everything that was destined to develop the muscles of the arms received the name of dumb-bells, and the small iron dumb-bells which we use today are merely the substitutes of the somewhat cumbersome piece of dumb-bell machinery still in existence at Knole Park.—'Leader.'

The Flowers of Winter.

(By Mary Dudderidge, in the New York 'Tribune.')

There are few men and women with souls so dead as not to experience some stirring of the heart at the coming of the flowers in spring, provided they are so fortunate as to live where they can see them. But the flowers of winter awaken no such emotions. They are trodden under foot unknown and unheeded and their beauty perishes without ever having gladdened human eyes. Yet the flowers of summer are no lovelier, and in some ways they seem even less wonderful.

Unlike the flowers of summer, the flowers of winter do not come out of the ground. A great many of them, on the contrary, fall from the sky, like messages from the angels, and we may also find them on our windows in the morning if our rooms are not well heated, or perhaps in our water pitchers, while the surface of every pond and river is sure to be covered with them. When a great many of them are collected together we call them snow and frost and ice, but no matter what we call them, or how different they look, they are all miracles of beauty and all very much alike, though varying infinitely in detail.

Snow crystals are the most beautiful of these winter flowers and also the easiest to

CANADIAN PICTORIAL.

SCENES IN THE SUGAR BUSH.

CANADIAN WOMEN'S CLUBS—
PORTRAITS OF LEADING CANADIAN WOMEN.

LIFE OF NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE.

PHASES OF WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT.

ICE-BOATING IN CANADA.

The above are some of the interesting subjects that will appear in the March issue of

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"The 'Canadian Pictorial,' a publication which, if I may be permitted to say so, is a credit to Canada.

"(Signed) STRATHCONA."

Part of a letter received by the Editor of the 'Canadian Pictorial' from the Rt. Hon. Lord Strathcona, High Commissioner of Canada in London.

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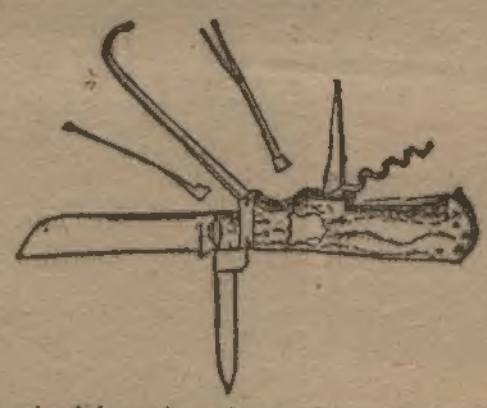

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study. The best time to look for them is on a still, cold day. When there is much wind stirring the delicate stars are broken as they fall, and when it isn't very cold they partly melt and stick to one another, making the large, heavy snowflakes that every one has noticed. But when snow falls on a calm, cold day we have only to look on our coat sleeves, or muffs, or on the window sills, to see the most exquisite white stars, with six rays branching into all sorts of elaborate and flowerlike designs. All this may be seen with the naked eye, and with a magnifying glass

or microscope one can see a great deal more, the whole surface of the crystals being covered with exquisite geometrical tracings and shadings.

If we examine a great many of these crystals in a great many different snowfalls we shall find a most wonderful variety of beautiful forms. Scientists have photographed over a thousand of them, and probably we could go on forever finding new ones. The stars are the commonest forms, but they are

not the only ones. It takes a comparatively mild atmosphere to make stars. The colder air produces solid crystals, which generally take the form of thin plates of ice that are almost as beautiful when seen under the microscope as the stars. Some observers tell us that they have seen little pyramids of ice, and in extreme cold the crystals often take the form of needles. Double crystals, connected by tiny rods of ice and looking something like fairy cuff buttons, are so common that sometimes almost every crystal in a storm is of this kind. Occasionally triple crystals are found, but they are much more rare.

With all this wonderful variety there is an equally wonderful similarity. For some reason that nobody knows water is wedded to the number six, and with the exception of a few three-sided and irregular forms all its crystals are built on a six-sided plan. The stars have six rays and the needles and pyramids and little ice plates all have six sides. On the tops of high mountains, or in the Polar regions, the snow frequently falls in the form of fine white dust or delicate needles. Neither the dust nor the needles look as though they had any definite form, but if one examines them under the microscope one finds that the particles of dust are the beginnings of six-pointed stars and that the needles have six sides.

When the regular growth of the crystal has not been interrupted in any way the six parts are almost exactly like one another. If one ray of a star branches out into feathery spicules (from the Latin spiculum, a little point) every other ray will have exactly the same number of spicules arranged in precisely the same way, and if one of the six parts of a hexagon, or six-sided plate, is decorated in a particular way the other five will be decorated in the same way.

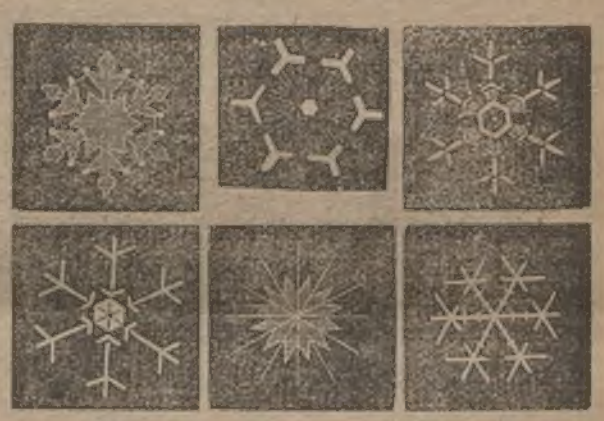
This is all so wonderful that it is worth while stopping to think about it a little. How do the atoms know their places in this marvellous symmetry of sixes? They are not supposed to have any mind, but if an unorganized mass of human beings were suddenly to arrange themselves in one of these complicated patterns they would be thought to be very clever indeed. Well, the atoms are very clever, too, and there isn't any use in trying to find out how they manage it, for nobody knows. People have tried to explain it, but as they didn't know anything about it themselves their explanations did not help any one very much. The most they can tell us about this amazing process of crystallization is that atoms are very fond of order. They never get out of order except on compulsion. With us, of course, the compulsion usually has to be the other way; but atoms are different, it appears, and the atoms of all substances if allowed to pass from the liquid to the solid state under the right conditions will arrange themselves in certain definite forms, each different substance having its own plan of crystallization. Salt forms the most beautiful little cubes, as any one can see for him or her self by dissolving a little salt in water and letting it evaporate. Glass, if cooled slowly enough, will crystallize in stars, like water. Gold forms exquisite crystals, all made up of little triangles, and all our precious stones are crystals. But none are so beautiful as those of water, and whenever water freezes it crystallizes.

Whether it is up in the bosom of the air, where it is easy to imagine that fairy hands are moulding the atoms into fairy forms, or whether it is in our water pipes or on our skating ponds, where we don't expect strange things to happen, the same miracle is performed. The atoms, as they pass from the liquid to the solid state, arrange themselves in six-sided forms.

We don't see the crystals in ice because they are crowded so close together, but they are there, nevertheless, and are quite as wonderful as snow crystals. Professor Tyndall calls them the flowers of ice, and tells us that if a concentrated beam of sunlight or a ray of electric light is passed through a block of ice it will melt the crystals here and there and enable us to see them, or rather the water of which they were formed and which still retains the general shape of the crystal. Little shining points appear in the path of the light, and around each is a beautiful water

flower with six petals. The bright spot is vacuum, for the water takes up less space than the crystal did, and leaves an empty space in the centre.

This brings us to another interesting and very important thing about these lovely winter flowers. We have seen that the atoms are very clever. They are also as strong as giants. Indeed, giants are nothing to them, and Tyndall says that the force of gravitation which holds the planets in their places is



nothing, either. Why do the water pipes burst when the water freezes in them? It is because the atoms have made up their minds to be stars, and do not intend to let anything so small as a water pipe stand in their way. The stars, naturally, take up more room than the atoms did when they lay close beside one another, and, delicate and fragile as they look, they generally insist on having all the space they need. It is possible by putting a sufficient amount of pressure upon them to curb their aspirations, but that condition very rarely occurs in Nature—perhaps never. Perhaps it is because she realizes how tremendously important these tiny crystals are that Mother Nature takes such good care that they shall have their own way, and we ought to be very glad that she does. It is inconvenient to have our pipes burst, but it

would be more inconvenient, perhaps, not to be able to live on the earth at all; and that is about where we should be if water did not crystallize when it freezes.

It would take a long time to tell what ice and snow do for us, but it is easy to see that they serve as a warm winter covering for the earth. They are cold, it is true, to the touch, but they keep the heat which the earth absorbs from the sun during the summer from escaping into the air, just as our clothes keep the heat in our bodies, and thus they enable the plants and animals beneath them to live through the winter. Now, if water did not crystallize and expand when it freezes, but went on contracting as it gets colder, as most other things do, ice would, of course, be heavier than water, and instead of floating on the surface of lakes and rivers it would sink to the bottom. Then new ice would form at the top and would, in turn, sink to the bottom, until the whole body of water was frozen solid. Then all the plants and animals in the water would die, and no summer would be hot enough or long enough to thaw the ice.

And supposing that snow fell, not in feathery crystals, 'like wool,' as an ancient writer says, but in hard pellets of ice, harder than any ice that we now know, it would make a very poor blanket for the flowers. It may seem like a poor blanket as it is, but as a simple matter of fact no covering of down on a baby's cradle ever rested there more gently and lovingly than does her mantle of snow upon the bosom of the earth. It is warm for the very reason that the down is warm, because of the air entangled in it, and under its protection the roots and bulbs and seeds that are to clothe the earth with beauty during another summer, and give food to man and beast, rest securely, wrapped in their winter sleep.

Seven Minds.

1. Mind your tongue. Never allow it to speak hasty, cruel, unkind, untruthful, or wicked words. It was made for something better.

2. Mind your eyes. Do not permit them to look upon obscene pictures, or things which suggest evil. There are many things the sight of which will be inspirational.

3. Mind your ears. They should never listen to wicked speeches, improper songs, or unholy words. They were made for hearing the harmonies of truth and the sweet voice of God.

4. Mind your lips. Never let anything befoul them, nor strong drink pass them, nor the food of the glutton pass between them. They are for better purposes.

5. Mind your hands. They should never steal nor fight, or be used to write down evil thoughts. Their true use is to lift up the fallen, and hand out blessings to the needy.

6. Mind your feet. They are not to walk in the paths of sin, nor in any of the steps of Satan. They are to carry you on errands of mercy and labors of love.

7. Mind your heart. The love of sin is to be kept out of it, and Satan is not to have any room in it. It is to be consecrated to Jesus, and He is to make it His throne.—'Christian Globe.'

Willing to Shovel.

To be willing to begin at the bottom is the open secret of being able to come out at top. A few years ago a young man came to this country to take a position in a new enterprise in the Southwest. He was well-bred, well educated, and he had the tastes of his birth and education. He reached the scene of his proposed labors, and found, to his dismay, that the enterprise was already bankrupt, and that he was penniless, homeless and friendless in a strange land. He worked his way to New York, and in mid-winter found himself, without money or friends, in the great, busy metropolis. He did not stop to measure the difficulties in his path; he simply set out to find work. He would have preferred the pen, but he was willing to take the shovel.

Passing down Fourth avenue, on a snowy morning, he found a crowd of men shoveling snow from the sidewalks about a well-known locality; he applied for a position in their ranks, got it, and went to work with a hearty good will, as if shoveling were his vocation. Not long afterward, one of the owners of the property, a multi-millionaire, passed along the street, saw the young man's face, was struck by its intelligence, and wondered what had brought him to such a pass. A day or two later his business took him to the same locality again, and brought him face to face with the same man, still shoveling snow. He stopped, spoke to him, received a prompt and courteous answer, talked a few minutes for the sake of getting a few facts about his history, and then asked the young man to call at his office. That night the shovel era ended, and the next day, at the appointed time, the young man was closeted with the millionaire. In one of the latter's many enterprises there was a vacant place, and the young man who was willing to shovel got it. It was a small place, at a small salary, but he more than filled it; he filled it so well, indeed, that in a few months he was promoted, and at the end of three years he was at the head of the enterprise, at a large salary. He is there to-day, with the certainty that if he lives he will eventually fill a position second in importance to none in the field in which he is working. The story is all told in three words: willing to shovel.—'Christian Union.'

A Modern Hero.

'Oh, how cold!' escaped from my lips as I stumbled through the door of a miserable attic tenement.

The mother was out, but her twelve-year-old boy was mounted guard over the other children as they played about the poorly furnished room. I shivered as the wind whistled through the broken window panes, causing me to pull my overcoat over my ears. The boy was in his shirt sleeves, but I refrained from asking questions as to the whereabouts of his coat, in case its absence might have been the means of providing a crust of bread for the fatherless family.

'Are you not cold, my boy?' I asked. 'No,' said he, 'not very.' Yet I noticed how his pretty pearly teeth chattered. I waited awhile and spoke to him; then I took a look into the cradle, where, sleeping quietly and comfortably, the baby lay, covered with the boy's coat. Talk about the bravery of men who face cannon and who, in the heat of passion, will do anything; but here was a hero, on a bitter day, in his shirt sleeves because he wanted to shield his little brother from the biting effect of a cold February wind.

Men say the age of heroism is past. It is false! So long as the nation raises boys like this one, she has within herself the germs of a boyhood that will keep her forever in the very forefront of the world's history.'—'Temperance Leader and League Journal.'

An Open Invitation.

A poor fellow in trouble, a stranger in a big city, and sick, and destitute, passed aimlessly along the street, wondering what to do and where to go. Passing an office window, he looked up and caught sight of a man's face. 'I'll go in there and speak to him. He looks so kind,' was the instant resolve. He went, and found a friend in need, whose kindness brought the chance to help himself, which the young man never forgot, and afterwards sought to repay.

'He looks so kind.' Could there be a higher compliment? The man's face was an open invitation to come in and confide and get help.

Without speaking a word, he gave this invitation, which led to so much for the friendless stranger.

But do you suppose that this kind look grew in a night or a day or a week? Can a fine steel engraving be finished in a few hours? It takes line by line, day after day. Things worth while are not of instantaneous accomplishment. Now think of it. When is the best time to begin, if the art of looking pleasant and the possession of a kind face is to be achieved?—The 'Boys' World.'

'Somebody Must do It.'

The late Archdeacon Hare was once, when tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, giving a lecture, when a cry of 'Fire' was raised. Away rushed the pupils, and forming themselves into a line between the building, which was close at hand, and the river, passed buckets from one to another. The tutor, quickly following, found them thus engaged. At the end of the line one youth was standing up to his waist in the river. He was delicate, and looked consumptive.

'What?' cried Mr. Hare, 'you in the water, Sterling; you so liable to take cold!'

'Somebody must be in,' was the noble reply, 'and why not I?'

The spirit of this answer is all that is great and generous.

'Oh, somebody will do it,' and the speaker sits still—he is not the one to do it.

'Somebody must do it, why not I?' and the work gets done.—'Temperance Leader.'

Off With a Fresh Supply.

HAROLD BREWER, N.B.

Our boy readers, who see the 'Canadian Pictorial' each month, (and if they cannot secure a copy for their home, they should ask for it at their Public Library), will know that nearly every month we give the portrait of some boy who has done good work selling that popular monthly. But this is the first time such a picture has appeared in this paper.

Master Harold Brewer is a New Brunswick school boy of only eleven years. He started to sell the 'Pictorial' a year ago last Christmas, since which time he has earned two fountain pens and a camera, probably the one with which this picture was taken. He has already earned his bonus rubber stamp with his name and address on, and looks forward to a steady little income from this pleasant sort of work. Harold's picture is to go in the 'Pictorial' itself shortly. Boys' Page readers should watch for it.

About the first competition for 1908—remember it closes with the March issue, and a lot of boys are working. Even if you start late you still have a good chance by a little extra push. Send a postcard to-day for a package to start on, and full instructions.

Address John Dougall & Son, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

The Wreck of the Fast Express.

The train left Milk Pail station
A little after four
And choo-chooed out at frightful speed
Across the kitchen floor.

It swerved and curved and tooted
And rattled up and down;
The engineer then waved his hand
And stopped at Stove Leg town.

They backed to Wood Box corner
For passengers, and then
They got a new conductor
And scooted off again.

The train was overloaded;
It puffed and tugged and roared
And backed and reared the steep ascent
Of mother's ironing board.

It turned, but something happened!
The brakeman gave a yell;
'Get off the track! Get off the track!'
Then rang the dinner bell.

But headlong dashed the engine,
On, on across the mat,
Down underneath the cradle
And struck the gingham cat!

You never heard such racket
As followed in the crash,
I only know the baby waked
And things went all to smash.

—'Child's Hour.'

The Dream Clock.

(By Margaret Erskine, in 'The Child's Hour.'

Leo simply wouldn't go to sleep, though Nurse coaxed, scolded, told her stories of all the things that would happen (really dreadful things) to naughty little girls who won't go to sleep when their nurses want them to; told her all about the 'House that Jack Built,' that 'Taffy was a Welshman,' and finally wound up with 'Hickory, dickory, dickory dock, see the mouse run up the clock';' but Leo was as wide awake at the end of it all as she had been at the beginning.

It was no fun she said, in answer to Nurse's scoldings, to go to sleep all by yourself, the other girls all had little sisters and brothers to go to sleep with them, and she hadn't, and she would never, never, go to sleep again till Nurse went out and bought her a little brother or sister, so there!

'You are a very naughty little girl, Miss Lenore,' was all Nurse's answer to this last request. 'And I am going to turn down the light and leave you alone and if you don't want to go to sleep you needn't; but to-morrow the little black dog 'Crossiness' will be riding on your back all day long, and you won't like that,' and Nurse turned the light low, and walked out of the nursery leaving the door only a tiny bit open.

By this time Leo's eyes were beginning to feel very full of dust, and her eyelids would keep playing peek-a-boo with the light; so she sat up very straight in bed and seized each side of her cot as tight, as tight as her little hands could grasp, for she thought just as long as she held on to something tight she wouldn't be able to fall asleep then; for she had told Nurse she wouldn't go to sleep, and she wouldn't, no, not for anything. Perhaps, if Nurse had told her some really, truly new stories, she might have; but she was so tired of 'Old Mother Hubbard' and the rest of Nurse's stories, and Leo gave a great big sigh.

'Tick, tock, tick, tock!' sounded loudly outside the door.

'Why, how funny,' thought Leo. 'That sounds just like the old clock at the foot of the stairs. I wonder if—why, yes!' The door was very slowly opening, wider and wider. Leo leaned well over the side of her cot, both eyes eagerly fixed on the door.

'Tick, tock, tick tock!' The door opened very wide and into the room ran the old grandfather clock that Leo remembered seeing, all her short life, standing quietly at the foot of the stairs ticking the minutes away.

'Why, Leo,' cried the clock, when it reached the foot of her cot, 'not asleep yet, how is that? It is long after seven o'clock, quite time all good little girls were sound asleep.'

'Well, clock,' answered Leo, 'I told Nurse I would never, never go to sleep again till she got me a little sister or brother to go to sleep with, and she never got me one yet. So you see, I can't go to sleep, 'cause I said I wouldn't. Can I?'

'Oh, ho!' laughed the clock. Did you ever hear a clock laugh? Well, whenever you hear a clock going 'tick, tick, tick,' as fast as it can, and then a long drawn 't-o-c-k,' as if it had a very bad cold, that is the clock laughing. So,

'Oh, ho!' laughed the clock, 'that is the reason, is it? Well, do you know, Leo, I don't believe Nurse cares a bit whether you go to sleep or not. You see she will be coming up to bed soon and she will be sure to go to sleep as fast as she can and it won't be much fun to be the only one awake, will it?'

'N-o,' said Leo doubtfully, 'not much.'

'That's right,' said the clock cheerfully, 'you are a very wise little girl. Now I will tell you what we will do. 'We'll run a race. I'll put my hands over my face so, and the seconds I'll 'tick' and the minutes I'll 'tock,' and

you'll win the race,' said the little dream clock. 'If, when my big hand has gone all the way round my face, and my little hand has gone one of those little spaces, you can't hear my chimes ring, one, two three, four, five, six, seven, eight times.'

'Why, that will be lovely!' cried Leo. 'Hurry, and make your little hand go.'

'But you must close your eyes ever so tight first,' said the clock. 'All right,' replied Leo. 'See they are just as tight, tight shut as they can be.'

'Very well,' answered the clock. 'Now, one, two, three! The race has begun.'

Leo never knew whether she or the clock had won the race, though she was almost sure she had, for she never remembered hearing the clock's chimes ringing the eight times; and the clock never told her; for the next morning when she went down-stairs to breakfast, there was the clock ticking gravely away at the foot of the stairs, just as if it had never come creeping up the stairs to run a race with a little girl who was never going to go to sleep, never, never, no more.

The Little Empty House.

Mary A. Wood.

'You needn't wait for Jennie, she won't come to-day,' Minnie said.

'Why not?' asked the girls.

'I called for her, and they told me her little brother Earl had just died; he's been sick only three days.'

'Oh, it's too bad!'

'I'm so sorry!'

'Poor Jennie—she loved him so!'

'It will almost kill her' I think.'

Then little Rosalie, the youngest of them all—her face white with fear and pain—asked: 'Will little Earl have to be put in a casket, and shut up close, and covered up in the dark ground?'

'Of course, after the funeral he'll be buried up,' said Minnie.

Rosalie began to cry pitifully. Then Hilda spoke, very gently: 'Rosa, dear, it is not true; you do not understand.'

'Now, Hilda, it is wicked for you to tell Rosalie that. You know it is true,' said Ada.

'I would not tell dear Rosalie anything but the truth,' replied Hilda. 'Little Earl has gone to God; only his body is dead.'

'Hilda Hastings, how do you know that is true?' inquired Catharine.

'Hush!' said Ada; 'don't you know she is the minister's daughter, and her father knows more about things than we do?'

'Listen, Rosalie,' Hilda said—and the girl stood quietly as she talked to the weeping child. 'God wanted Baby Earl to go to Him. He will not need the little body he has lived in, so he left it when he went away; it is only a little empty house with nothing in it. Do you remember the little blue eggshells we found last week in the robin's nest? The birds had gone flying away in the sunshine, not caring anything about those broken shells they had left; and just the same, little Earl does not think any more about his empty house, which will be put away under the soft grass and flowers.'

'But Jennie's brother has died, hasn't he?' asked Ada.

Hilda answered: 'Papa says that life does not die—it comes from God, and goes to God again.'

'Then I am not going to be afraid of dying any more,' said Minnie. 'I have lain awake nights in the dark, and thought about it, and felt awfully.'

'So have I,' Catharine said. 'I'm glad you told Rosalie about it, and I'm glad we hear you.'

Rosalie slipped her small hand into Hilda's and asked: 'Won't you tell poor sorry Jennie about it so she won't feel so sad?'—Selected.

In Little Boy Land.

(By Harriet Francene Crocker, in the 'Religious Intelligencer.')

O! Green are the meadows in Little Boy Land,
And blue are the skies bending over
And golden the butterflies flittering about
To visit the pink and white clover.
There are cool, running brooks where the cows like to stand,
And milky-white lambkins in Little Boy Land.

O! Down at the Corner in Little Boy Land
Is the prettiest shop full of candy,
And a dear little woman to give it away—
It's ever and ever so handy.
There are chocolate creams which the boys say are 'grand,'
And nothing costs money in Little Boy Land.

O! Strange as it seems, there are no chores to do,
No errands to run for the mother,
And nothing to do but forever to play
First one jolly game, then another.
There's a beautiful circus and a lovely brass band,
And everything's free in Little Boy Land.

O! They say they do nothing in Little Boy Land
But play through the warm, sunny weather,
And play through the winter. O! Then it is fun
To slide down the long hills together.
There's no school to go to; now, please understand,
It's all play and laughter in Little Boy Land.

O! There's bicycles, tricycles, waggons and sleds,
And donkies and ponies by dozens.
So each little fellow can ride if he will—
Each one of the brothers and cousins.
There's fun and there's frolic on every hand—
O! Who wouldn't like it in Little Boy Land?

O! Who wouldn't long for this Little Boy Land,
Where there's fun going on every minute,
And candy for nothing, and peanuts the same,
And a good time with everyone in it?
O! Grown-ups, with trials and hardships to stand,
Let's journey together to Little Boy Land!

HOUSEHOLD.

He Careth.

I. Peter i., 7.

What can it mean? Is it aught to Him,
That the nights are long and the days are dim?
Can He be touched by the griefs I bear,
Which sadden the heart and whiten the hair?
About His throne are eternal calms,
And strong, glad music of many psalms,
And bliss unbaffled by any strife;
How can He care for my little life?

And yet I want Him to care for me
While I live in this world, where the sorrows be,
When the lights die down from the path I take,
When strength is feeble and friends forsake
When love and music, that once did bless,
Have left me to silence and loneliness,
And my life song changes to sobbing prayers,
Then my spirit cries out for a God who cares.

When shadows hang over the whole day long,
And my spirit is bowed with shame and wrong,
When I am not good and the deeper shade
Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid,
And the busy world has too much to do
To stay in its course to help me through,
And I long for a Saviour—can it be
That the God of the universe cares for me?

O wonderful story of deathless love,
Each child is dear to that heart above,
He fights for me when I cannot fight,
He comforts me in the gloom of night,
He lifts the burden, for He is strong,
He stills the sigh and awakens the song;
The sorrow that bowed down, He bears,
And loves and pardons, because He cares.

Let all who are sad take heart again,
We are not alone in our hours of pain;
Our Father stoops from His throne above
To soothe and quiet us with His love;
He leaves us not when the strife is high,
And we have safety, for He is nigh.
Can it be trouble, which he doth share?
O rest in peace, for the Lord does care.

—Selected.

A Scolder's Child.

The following incident, apropos of our recent article on mothers who scold, illustrates the subject from a viewpoint outside the family. Sara came one Sunday afternoon for a quiet visit with Little Jane. Both were in spandy clean Sunday frocks, but knowing them to be careful children, Little Jane's mother allowed them to go into the orchard. Alack! the unexpected happened; and Little Jane's mother, called by shrieks of anguish, hastened to the door to meet Sara—mud from hat to shoe toe. The child was wailing hysterically: 'What shall I do! What shall I do! O, Mrs. Burns, can't you clean me up? Mother will be so angry! She will scold so!' The nervous little thing was actually terrified at the impending rebuke. Her mother's displeasure had evidently become a frightful, exaggerated bogie, very real to the nervous child. Her sobs did not cease until Mrs. Burns had got out the tin bathtub, stripped off the shoes and half hose, and popped the muddy little legs into the water. How would that mother have felt had she known that Mrs. Burns and her oldest daughter built a fire, heated water and irons, and spent an hour that warm Sunday afternoon cleaning the child's dress and petticoat to avert the dreaded scolding? How did kindhearted Mrs. Burns regard a mother apparently so inconsiderate of her child's happiness? Worst of all, would the little girl herself draw comparisons in mothers?—'Congregationalist and Christian World.'

Economy.

Economy no more means saving money than spending money. It means spending and saving, whether time or money, or anything else, to the best possible advantage.—John Ruskin.

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When ordering send second and third choices in case the first should be sold before your order is received.

TERMS OF SALE.

Organs under $50: $5 cash and $3 per month without interest. Organs over $50: $10 cash and $4 per month without interest.

If monthly payments are not convenient, please state what method you prefer—quarterly, half-yearly, or at certain fixed dates. We wish to know what terms will suit you.

A discount of 10 percent off these prices for cash. A stool accompanies each organ. Every instrument safely packed without extra charge. We guarantee every instrument, and agree to pay the return freight if not satisfactory.

LANDON—5 octave Parlor Organ, by the Landon Co., St. John, N.B., in handsome solid walnut panelled case, with extended top. Has 10 stops, 2 complete sets of reeds, knee swells, etc. Sale Price **$34**

BELL—5 octave Parlor Organ, by W. Bell, Guelph, in solid walnut case, with extended top. Has 8 stops, 2 sets of reeds, knee swell, etc. Special Sale Price **$36**

THOMAS—5 octave Parlor Organ, by E. G. Thomas Co., Woodstock, in solid walnut case, with high top. Has 9 stops, 2 complete sets of reeds, 2 knee swells, etc. Sale Price **$39**

DOMINION—5 octave Parlor Organ, by the Dominion Organ Co., in solid walnut case, with resonant ends and extended top. Has 9 stops, 2 complete sets of reeds, 2 knee swells, etc. Sale Price..... **$41**

NEW ENGLAND—5 octave Parlor Organ, by the New England Organ Co., in solid walnut case, handsomely carved and decorated. Has 11 stops, 2 complete sets of reeds, 2 knee swells, etc. Sale Price **$42**

KARN—5 octave Parlor, by D. W. Karn & Co., Woodstock, in solid walnut case, with imitation pipe top. Has 12 stops, 2 complete sets of reeds, 2 knee swells, etc. Sale Price **$46**

DOMINION—An almost new handsome 5 octave Parlor Organ, by the Dominion Co., solid walnut case, with mirror top, 11 stops, 2 sets of reeds, in treble and bass, including sub-bass, 2 couplers, 2 knee swells, mouseproof pedals, etc. Used only a few months. Sale Price **$58**

THOMAS—6 octave Piano case Organ by the Thomas Organ Co., Woodstock, in walnut case, without top. Has 10 stops, 2 sets of reeds throughout, coupler and 2 knee swells. Sale Price **$69**

BELL—Chapel Organ, by W. Bell, Guelph, in attractive walnut case, with rail top, and finished back. Has 14 stops, 3 sets of reeds throughout and sub-bass. A splendid instrument. Sale Price **$72**

DOHERTY—6 octave Piano-case Organ, by the Doherty Co., Clinton, in ebonized case, with mirror top and lamp stands. Has 11 stops, 2 sets of reeds throughout, couplers, 2 knee swells. Sale Price **$77**

CORNWALL—A very attractive Piano-case Organ, by Cornwall, Huntingdon, Que., in walnut case, with handsome panels in bronze relief. Has 13 stops, 3 sets of reeds in the treble and 2 sets and a sub-bass set in the bass, 2 couplers, 2 knee swells. A splendid musical instrument. Sale Price **$79**

KARN—6 octave Piano-case Organ, by D. W. Karn & Co., Woodstock, in handsome walnut case, with mirror top, lamp stands, and full swing music desk. Has 11 stops, 2 complete sets of reeds, 2 couplers, 2 knee swells. Just like new. Sale Price.. **$89**

DOMINION—A beautiful 6 octave Piano-case Organ by the Dominion Co., Bowmanville, in handsome mahogany case, with full length carved panels and music desk, double folding fall board and protected pedals, lamp stands, etc. Has 11 stops, 2 sets of reeds throughout, 2 couplers, 2 knee swells. Used less than six months. Sale Price **$91**

SHERLOCK-MANNING—One of the most attractive Piano-case Organs we have ever had in stock by the Sherlock-Manning Co., of London. Has 6 octaves, 13 stops, 2 sets of reeds throughout, 2 couplers, 2 knee swells, handsome 36 in. mirror top. Almost new. Sale Price **$92**

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188 Yonge Street, Toronto.

The Wrong and Right Way.

How parents provoke their children? -by unreasonable commands, by perpetual restriction, by capricious jerks at the bridle, alternating with as capricious dropping the reins altogether; by not governing their own tempers, by shrill or stern tones where quiet, soft ones would do, by frequent checks and rebukes, and sparing praise. And what is sure to follow such mistreatment by father or mother? Bursts of temper, for which the child is punished and the parent is guilty, and then spiritless listlessness and apathy. 'I cannot please him, whatever I do,' leads us to a rankling sense of injustice, and then to recklessness—'It is useless to try any more.' And when a man or child loses heart, there will be no more obedience. Many a parent, especially many a father, drives his child into evil by keeping him at a distance. He should make his boy a companion and playmate, teach him to think of his father as his confidant, try to keep his child nearer to himself than anybody else, and then his authority will be absolute, his opinion an oracle, and his lightest wish law.—'Christian Globe.'

'Oil Yourself a Little.'

An old Quaker was once visited by a garrulous neighbor who complained that he had the worst servants in the world, and everybody seemed to conspire to make him miserable.

'My dear friend,' said the Quaker, 'let me advise you to oil yourself a little.'

'What do you mean?' said the irritated old gentleman.

'Well,' said the Quaker, 'I had a door in my house some time ago that was always creaking on its hinges, and I found that everybody avoided it, and although it was the nearest way to most of the rooms yet they went round some other way. So I just got some oil, and after a few applications it opened and shut without creak or a jar, and now everybody just goes to that door and uses the old passage. Just oil yourself a little with the oil of kindness. Occasionally praise your servants for some thing they do well. Encourage your children more than you scold them, and you will be surprised to find that a little sunshine will wear out a lot of fog, and a little molasses is better than a great deal of vinegar.' Be courteous.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

Constant Good Company.

The most charming companion I ever met was a plain little woman, whose life for years had been entirely given up to the care of an invalid demented father, an old man who demanded her constant presence in his darkened room during his waking hours, in the few spare moments she had while going through the usual routine of household duties.

Poor, living in the backwoods, where she never saw anybody, she gained a depth of mind and a power of expression far superior to many of her old schoolmates, who had shown greater promise, and had possessed every advantage. Indeed, she was neither 'smart' nor particularly studious at school, but excessively fond of fun, excitement and company.

One day I asked her the secret of the change. She laughed. 'I have been enjoying constant, pleasant company for the last few years.'

I stared, mystified. She drew from her pocket a little quotation book, and, pointing to two quotations, 'My thoughts are my companions,' and 'They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.' There were several other quotations written on the margin, and the pages were well thumbed. She said, earnestly: 'Looking back over my girlhood, I know that there is a fatal defect in the training of our girls; our words, our actions receive attention; we are given advice and instruction in every point but in our thinking. I did not even have a conception of entertaining myself by my own thoughts; I wanted all the time to be amused by something or somebody outside of myself. Then came that plunge into poverty, sadness and loneliness. At first, I believed I should become insane, then God must have directed me to this little book, too worthless to be sold when our library went. One other quotation chained my mind. "Our thoughts are heard in heaven," and I began recalling my thoughts. How disgusted I was with them! Round and round, in a weary rut of repining they had travelled, or even if not repining, how stupid, how unelevating they had been! From that hour I determined my thoughts should be inspiring companions. When sewing up a seam they should not be, "So long and tiresome; wonder how long before I am done?" and so on and so on, over and over again. Why, I would take a little trip while sewing up that seam!

'When washing the dishes, I discuss with myself different national questions; when picking beans, I decide whether optimism or pessimism is winning the day; sweeping the room, I review the last book I read, or perhaps, a book read years ago; every duty not requiring concentration is enlivened in this way.

'Not more than an hour a day can I ever read. Our books scarcely number a dozen, but since I began to think, one verse of the Bible will unfold and unfold, until it blossoms into a wonder-revelation, and I hope bears fruit. Before, I did not take time to wait for the unfolding and fruit-bearing.'

'But I cannot control my thoughts,' I objected; 'they will dwell on any trouble or worry I have.'

'Paul tells us that in our warfare our weapons are "mighty to cast down our imaginations," "bringing into captivity every thought;" that promise is a great help when I feel despairing over my wrong thoughts. To keep down the disagreeable ones, to shake myself free from the servitude of daily fretting tasks, I drill myself into meditating on pleasant subjects, just as I would drill my tongue in company to make pleasant speeches.

'Tell the girls you teach and write to how true it is that "The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the great art in life is to have as many as possible;" also that this art cannot be learned when the feebleness of age has weakened the control of the mind.'

When she had left me, I remembered she was the only person who had not made inane remarks about the weather. Do you suppose it was because thoughts had occupied her mind, not empty turning of the mental wheels?

If the mill grinds not grist, it will grind itself; if the mind feeds not on thoughts, it preys upon itself, and is its own destroyer.—'Christian Work.'

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This Big Beauty Postcard Album is handsomely bound in silk cloth, the front cover elegantly decorated in colors. It holds 400 picture cards. With it we give 100 beautifully colored postcards. The Album and the 100 cards you get FREE, for selling only $3.00 worth of the loveliest colored Picture Postcards ever seen in Canada. Views of famous places all over the world. They sell in the big Toronto stores at 4 for 10c. At our price, 6 for 10c, they go like hot cakes. Just say you will do your best to sell, and send your name, age and address, plainly written. A postcard will do. The Gold Medal Premium Co., Card Dept. N. 11, Toronto.

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HERE'S THE BEST AND EASIEST YET

When we were boys we would have given anything for an Air Rifle. Now any boy can get one for nothing, for selling only $3.00 worth of the loveliest colored Picture Postcards ever seen in Canada. These cards are selling in the big Toronto stores at 4 for 10c. At our price, 6 for 10c, they go like wildfire. This is a Single Shot "Daisy," the best made—nickeled steel barrel and breech, peep sights, polished walnut stock, pistol grip. Shoots buckshot slugs or darts with great force and perfect aim. Just the thing for target practice, crows, squirrels, rabbits, and all sorts of small game. Shot and darts free with each rifle. You can sell the cards easily. Just say you will do your best, and write your name, age and address plainly, a postcard will do. The Gold Medal Premium Co., Card Dept., 16N Toronto.

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For Selling Picture Postcards

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Boys! here is one of the finest Magic Lanterns you have ever seen. You can get it complete in every way, including magnifying lenses, good lamp and a dozen slides of colored views, all for selling only $1.00 worth of high-grade Picture Postcards—views of famous places all over the world; the loveliest cards ever seen in Canada. You can't buy them except in the big cities, and even here in Toronto the biggest stores give only four for 10c. We give six for 10c, and at this price, the boys tell us, "they just go like hot cakes." No trouble at all to sell. Everybody is glad to get such fine cards so cheap. Just try them and you will soon have this big handsome Magic Lantern, and won't you have fun with it—giving exhibitions! It is the very latest model. When you see it you will wonder how we can give such a fine outfit for so little work. Write to-day (a postcard will do) and say you will do your best to sell the picture postcards. Be sure to give your age and write your name and address plainly. THE GOLD MEDAL PREMIUM Co., Card Dept. 31N Toronto.

A Mother's Dream.

Last night I dreamed of baby faces.
Warm and sweet from love's embraces—
I reached out strong arms shivering,
I reached out strong lips quivering
To—just a dream.

Last night I sprang up waking, sobbing,
Cold and damp from terror throbbing—
I sought my warm ones—finding them,
I kissed my warm ones, binding them;
Yes—not a dream!

O Father, keep them through the night
Wrapped close with love, safe in thy light,'
Amen.
—Mark Hayne, in the 'Mother's Magazine.'

The Duty of Old Age to Youth.

(By M. S. Johnson, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

In almost every paper one examines, one sees some article on the duty of youth to old age. I think, however, something should be written on the other side of the question. Not that I do not approve of all reverence to old age, but at the same time I think old age has duties also.

The subject was brought quite forcibly to my mind one day this summer. I was sitting on our pretty porch, deep in the mysteries of an exciting novel, when I glanced up and saw the sweetest looking old lady imaginable coming towards me. She seated herself by me and while I was resting I glanced fondly at her. Her eyes were gray with an expression, quiet and serene. Her almost gray hair was parted and drawn simply back behind her ears. It was in her expression that her greatest attraction lay, it was so strong yet so sweet.

Presently she remarked, 'I have just passed another mile-stone. I was seventy-six yesterday.'

Her face had that beautiful look of contentment that only comes to those whose lives have been spent for others.

I impulsively exclaimed, 'I wish I had the satisfaction of knowing that I would grow old like you. Won't you tell me your secret?'

'Certainly, dear; I have always thought we old people demanded too much of the young, consequently I have endeavored to try to do differently. It commenced years ago, when my children were old enough to marry. When it came to the last one I felt it more than I could bear. I could not let her leave me. I went to my room and prayed. In the morning I awakened with the sweet thought of my child's happiness. Then it all flashed across my mind how selfish I had been. I had wanted those children—for they seemed children to me—to give up their young, married freedom, and live with us. Oh, how many parents make mistakes in keeping their children with them!

'Then, later in life, when my dear husband was taken from me, I felt, because of my deep grief, that if I did not watch myself carefully, I would become selfish to my loved ones. How often I have thought of the expression of Fenelon's, "Extreme grief is mere selfishness, resignation is true heroism." So I tried to be bright before them, that my grandchildren could never say, "Grandma is so gloomy." I have always tried to remember that I was young once—we old people are apt to forget that. For instance, last summer I felt that I would rather stay quietly at home than go away anywhere to avoid the heat. What if it did inconvenience my daughter-in-law a little? What if she did have to keep her servant for my sake? It would not hurt her. So I thought one night when my head ached and the world looked dark. But, fortunately, no one knew my thoughts. For as I looked quietly at the stars, and thought of my home beyond, a better mood came to me, and I realized how selfish I might have been. I do hope, my dear child, when I am taken above, that my dear ones will all miss me.

'If you want to be an unselfish old woman, you must commence in your youth. You must give all you can of your life and expect little. Do not be looking out for people to slight, hurt or offend you. Take your happiness with you. Create gladness in the hearts of all, instead of sadness. But I can express myself better in the words of James Lane Allen: "Have the love of courage, the love of courtesy, the love of honor, the love of the poor and helpless, the love of a spotless name and a spotless life, the love of kindred, the love of friendship, the love of humility of spirit, the love of forgiveness, the love of beauty, the love of love, the love of God." That is my secret. I am glad you love me, for then I feel satisfied, and can go on to the end of life with my motto, "Love beyond all things."'

Housework as Physical Culture.

There is nothing like housework for physical culture. In the various complex movements performed by the different sets of muscles during the innumerable evolutions incidental to housework we have an admirable system of gymnastics peculiarly adapted to the needs of women. A certain amount of exercise which arouses and interests the mental faculties while occupying the activities of the bodily organs is necessary to health, and housework undoubtedly complies with both of these conditions. In many a household the daughters take their share of the lighter branches of the work, but in many another establishment dusting is considered undignified, polishing plebeian, and bed-making a bore, and so the womenfolk leave the work to hired hands, while they amuse themselves at so-called physical culture classes, where, perhaps, they beat the air with Indian clubs, a form of exercise considered more dignified, if less useful, than beating carpets with rattan canes.—'Morning Star.'

Good Advice.

In giving advice we must consult the gentlest manner and softest seasons of address; our advice must not fall, like a violent storm, bearing down, and making that to droop which it was meant to cherish and refresh; it must descend as the dew upon the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snow; the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

If there are few who have the humility to receive advice as they ought, it is often because there are few who have the discretion to convey it in a proper vehicle and to qualify the harshness and bitterness of reproof, against which nature is apt to revolt, by an artful mixture of sweetening and agreeable ingredients.—Selected.

Legal 'Don'ts' for Wives.

1. Don't sign or endorse a note or agree to be surety for any debt, unless you are willing and can afford to pay the amount yourself. Never vary from this rule, even in the case of your husband, your father, or the dearest woman friend.

2. Don't write your name on a blank piece of paper. Many women have done it and bitterly regretted it for the rest of their days.

3. Don't give an unlimited power of attorney to anyone. If it is absolutely necessary to give one at all, be sure that it is given only for what it is needed and limit the time as much as possible.

4. Don't do anything in business matters 'for politeness,' which your judgment tells you you should not do.

5. In short, don't give any promise or sign any paper whatever until you are sure you know the legal effect of it on yourself and your family.

6. Don't write anything, even in a friendly letter, which you would not be willing to have used as evidence in court. On the other hand, don't destroy any letter or paper which may have a bearing on a business matter.

7. Don't consent to your husband's assigning his wages. Don't make it necessary by extravagant living.

8. Don't buy furniture, books or anything else, for which you cannot afford to pay cash. If you think of buying on the instalment plan, first estimate what the interest will amount to and add it to the price of the goods; then find out the cost of goods of the same quality at a cash store and compare the figures. Realize that you own none of the goods bought on instalments until you have paid for all, and that a failure to keep any portion of your agreement may cause you to lose all that you have paid.

9. Don't keep people, rich or poor, waiting for money you owe them. I could tell you some true and tragic stories, which would make an overdue dressmaker's bill a veritable nightmare to you.

10. Don't be penny wise and pound foolish. Get good advice when you need it, pay for it, and act upon it. Preventive measures, always remember, are the most satisfactory and the cheapest in the end.—Caroline J. Cook, in 'Good Housekeeping.'

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FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.

NO. 6119—CHILD'S CREEPING APRON.

This practical little garment will be appreciated by mothers, when baby has reached the creeping age. As he spends a great deal of time on the floor, it is almost impossible to keep the pretty, dainty clothes fresh and clean. The little apron protects the entire dress, and does not hamper the limbs in any way. The waist and skirt are in one, and cut long enough to turn up under the skirt's fastening by a belt around the waist. Holland or plaid gingham is usually preferred for an apron of this kind. Two yards of material 36 inches wide will be required. One size.

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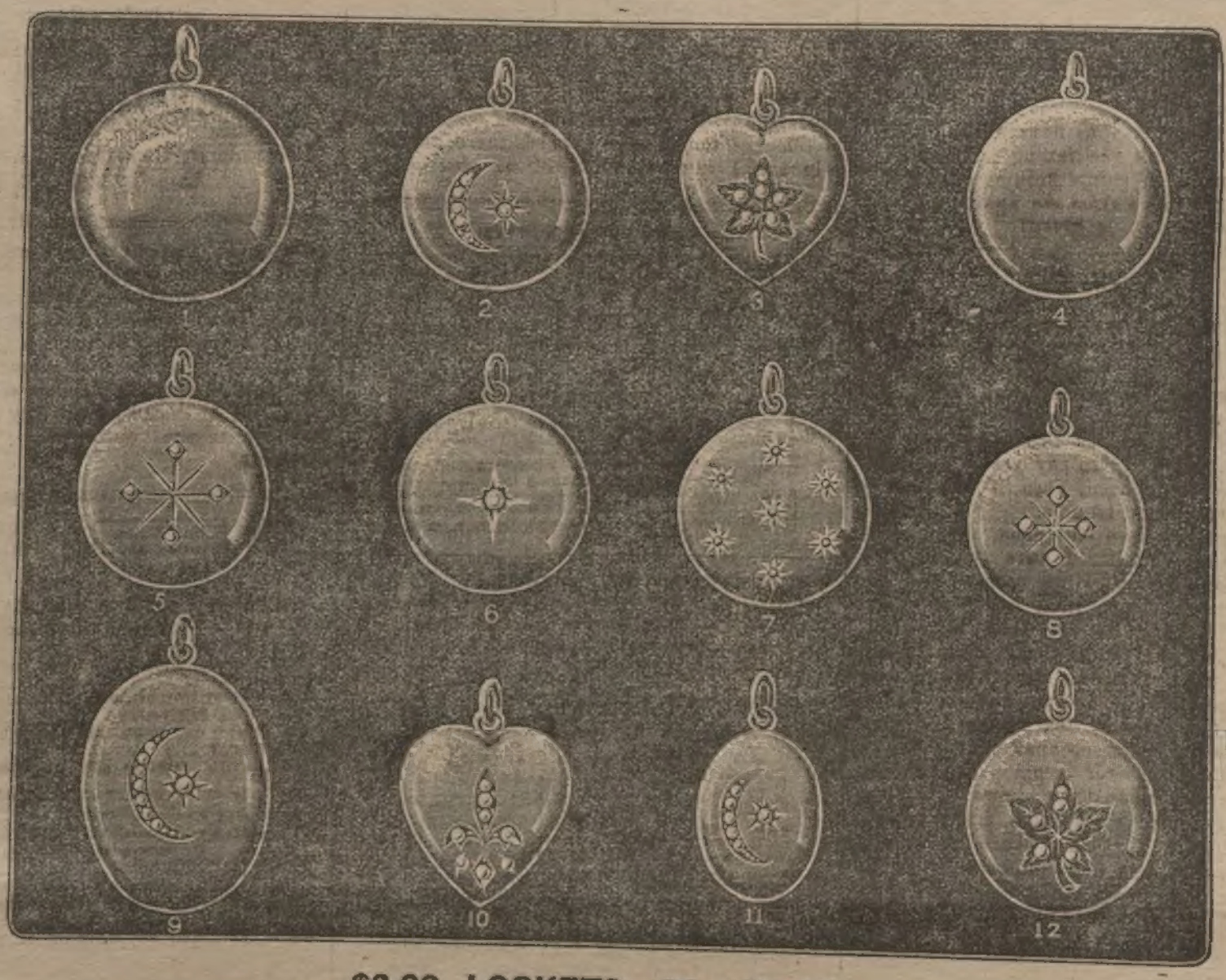

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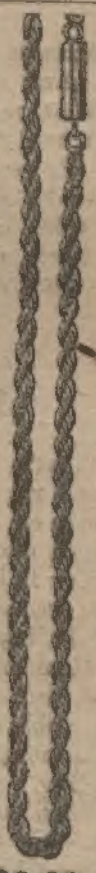

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TWO SHIRTWAIST SPECIALS.

$1.50 CASHMERE JERSEY for $1.00.

N.M. 63. Boys' English Cashmere Jerseys, single or double roll collar, medium weight soft Cashmere, full fashioned sleeves, elastic ribbed cuffs, close fitting navy blue body with white or red striped collars and cuffs, black with gold and royal with solid white collars and cuffs. Sizes 22 to 32. Worth $1.50. Special to mail order customers..... **$1.00**

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N.M. 66. Fine Silk Fish Net "Drape" Veil with silk fringe border one inch deep, 21x54 inches long, in black, brown, navy and green. Special to mail order customers, each..... **$1.00**

N.M. 67. Steel Studded Elastic Belt, with steel buckle in front, black only, as cut, special to mail order customers **.48**

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WRITE FOR OUR SPRING AND SUMMER CATALOGUE. FREE ON RECEIPT OF ADDRESS.

A Helping Hand.

It was only a helping hand,
And it seemed of little availing,
But its clasp was warm,
And it saved from harm
A sister whose strength was failing
Its touch was tender as angel's wings,
But it rolled the stone from the hidden springs,
And pointed the way to higher things,
Though it seemed of little availing.

A smile, a word, or a touch,
And each is easily given,
That one may win
A soul from sin,
Or smooth the way to heaven.
A smile may lighten the failing heart,
A word may soften pain's keenest smart,
A touch may lead us from sin apart.
How easily each is given!

—'Leader.'

Learn to Say Yes.

'Learn to say no,' is an old axiom, yet, while we acknowledge its value, we feel sometimes as if some parents needed a paraphrase which should read, 'Learn to say yes.'

For it is a real duty to say yes to many of the requests of children, even if the saying of it involves some trouble.

Remember your own childhood, dear readers, and let your children have the pleasure of doing many things which seem foolish to you now, but which to them are very captivating. Of course, we are not advocating foolish or hurtful indulgences, or a weak yielding to importunities. But we all know—we who have little ones—what pleases them, and when they plead for some harmless diversion, or some new occupation, let us say yes, even if our soberer common sennse sees no particular charm in their choice.

So long as childish pleasures are innocent, we must not ask that they shall be always sensible, according to our definition of sense. So don't be too ready with denial.—'Christian Globe.'

Let the Child Help.

The wise mother will place some responsibility upon every child as soon as old enough to understand how necessary it is that all share the work and care of the home who share its comfort. It is easier to teach them this when the mind is undeveloped and most impressionable, when mother's word is their law, than to wait until they have become careless and willful, and their own individuality begins to develop and assert itself. To guide that development rightly is every thoughtful mother's aim. Begin with the toddling baby to teach habits of neatness and order and self-help, by requiring him to pick up and put away his playthings, and to wait on himself in every way possible. Very little children delight to run on small errands for their elders about the house, if rewarded by appreciative words and kisses, and the habit of helping in the home may be thus easily taught and acquired and prove a great blessing to both mother and child.—Selected.

Must be Cultivated.

While unselfishness is the foundation of good manners, which are but the outward expression of one's inner nature, there are certain social rules which must be observed in addition to the effort to please if one would really have good manners. From the very beginning, therefore, children should be taught to observe all social rules in addition to the cultivation of respect for old age and of unselfishness in intercourse with others. The best of anything never comes naturally, but must be striven for. The secret of good manners is the desire for them.—'Church Progress.'

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Send us your name and address for 12 pieces of Jewelry to sell at 10 cents each. When sold send us the $1.20 and we will send you these TWO SOLID GOLD filled RINGS. We trust you with the Jewelry and will send it all charges paid. Send us your name and address now.
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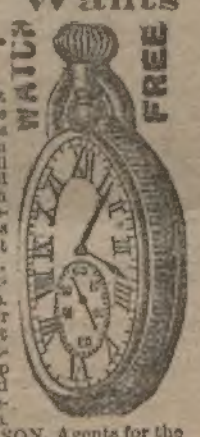

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